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PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE STATUE OF "THE FREED SLAVE" IN MEMORIAL HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 358.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1876.

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Frank Leslie, No. 537 Pearl Street, New York.

THE CANDIDATE OF REFORM.

GOVERNOR TILDEN is one of the last men in the world to wait for any man's advice before responding to a public call for his opinions. He has been too long a leader in political life to be led by others, and the one thing which his friends most admire him for is his independence of all partisan dictation. As a matter of course, he conforms in minor matters to the well-established principles of the Democratic Party, with which he has always acted; but in relation to matters which affect his own personal interests he has shown a disregard of precedents and popular clamor which is the chief reason why his friends have always been willing to defer to his judgment. Of all our public men there is none who may be so implicitly trusted to do the right thing at the right time. This was shown in a very remarkable manner by his action, first in causing the arrest and conviction of Tweed and his confederates, and then in his exposure of the canal frauds. It was not without sufficient cause that he has been called the "ring-breaker"; he did not keep up a tiresome hullabaloo about frauds until the public mind had been wearied by his complaints, but waited for the right time to strike, and then he delivered a stunning blow which prostrated his enemies while it gained renown for himself.

Probably the Governor is waiting for the proper time to come before he publishes his letter of acceptance in reply to the notification sent to him of his nomination at St. Louis, and we must confess that he manifests good judgment by his delay. The wily heats of July have rendered everybody indifferent to everything but their personal comforts. A letter addressed to the public now would not receive half the attention, nor produce half the effect, that it would if the weather were cooler, and less effort would be required to read and digest it. But let the cause of delay in publishing the letter of acceptance be what it may, the Governor's friends may be sure that it is an all-sufficient one, and that he will be justified by it whenever it shall appear.

These conditions, however, do not prevent some of the Governor's pretended friends from complaining at his delay, or from indulging in the absurdity of giving him advice as to the character of his letter of acceptance, and of pointing out to him the advantages to be derived from his declaring his sentiments on subjects with which he, as a candidate for the Presidency, can have no right to meddle. There have been reports of misunderstand-

ings between the Democratic candidate for the Presidency and the candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the subject of the currency; but whether these rumors be correct, or not, is of very little importance to the people. The position of Governor Tilden in reference to the subject of our national finances has never been ambiguous for a moment. He is one of the few prominent men in our politics who has never allowed any misapprehension to exist in relation to his opinions on the currency question. Whatever else may be said of him, no one can pretend to have any misgivings respecting him on that subject. If there be any disagreement between himself and Governor Hendricks on that point, it is not because Governor Tilden differs from the professed principles of the great party that has chosen him for its leader and representative.

But there is really no anxiety felt in relation to the Governor's letter of acceptance; nor is it of any special importance what he may think it proper to say in respect to the subjects which from day to day come up for discussion among newspaper men and managing politicians. Governor Tilden was nominated at St. Louis because the public demanded a man for their candidate whose political history should be a guaranty of his sincerity as a reformer. This was the meaning of the remarkable outburst of feeling in his favor when his name was first mentioned as a candidate, as well as of the feeble opposition that was arrayed against him. Those who wanted reform in the administration of our national affairs were as heartily in his favor as those who feared and deprecated reform were vigorously opposed to him. Recklessness and audacity may carry the day in revolutionary times, but when these have brought their inevitable corruptions, as they certainly have done in our case, then must come the cool, conservative and determined work of reform. And there can be no reform without a reformer at the head of the Government to direct the needed efforts. Fifteen years ago we required, or at least we thought we did, audacity in our public men. We were ready to forgive any blunders and errors if they were only committed boldly and daringly. We wanted to be led by reckless spirits, and were indifferent to the cost of their mistakes, or even of their frauds, if only they were committed with a sufficient degree of audacity. Every man was a Sempronius, who shouted loudly for war, and those who shouted the loudest got the most honors, without discrimination as to their deeds. But all that feverish work is over; the people care nothing whatever about shouting; the cost of the recklessness and audacity which were once delighted in has become a wearisome burthen, and those who are weighted so grievously by it are now chiefly anxious to lighten the load under which they are staggering. What is now wanted, and what the people are determined to have, is Reform. They cannot endure the old ways any longer; they must have a change; the reckless extravagance of their public servants must be done away with; they must have decency, good order and economy in the administration of public affairs; and they think that the best man to secure these ends for them is the eminent statesman who was nominated for the Presidency at St. Louis. Having accepted him in good faith, and believing firmly in his wisdom and integrity they are quite willing to wait patiently for his letter of acceptance. Mr. Parke Godwin, who has known Governor Tilden, as he says, "all my life," and who, as a Republican tried to procure the nomination of Mr. Bristow at Cincinnati, thinks that "if Mr. Tilden were President at this moment in less than three months we should see our finances on their best feet, taxation reduced one-half, and the currency in a sure way to recovery." But this sounds rather extravagant, and, unhappily, it cannot be verified, for President Grant must remain in the White House six months longer let what may happen; but it lightens the popular heart to know that he cannot remain there after the 4th of March next, and the hope that Governor Tilden will be his successor makes the people the more tolerant of Grant's maladministration.

ARMY RETRENCHMENT.

THE serious aspect which our Indian complications have assumed since the Custer massacre has placed the question of army reduction in a new light before the people. Every few years, as regularly as an especial demand for economy assails the ears of Congress, some proposition for the diminishment of our military establishment is agitated, and as each successive Congress undertakes the task, the subject, falling into new hands, is treated from a bewildering variety of standpoints, many of which, as might be expected, experience proves to be futile and absurd. The difficulty is that our legislators attempt as a general thing to administer the affairs of the army by the methods familiar to them

in the regulation of the civil branches of the Government. They overlook the fact that the ordinary theories of political organization are not simply out of place, but absolutely inapplicable to a system which is in the highest degree technical, and whose usefulness is less dependent upon those external indications of efficiency which can be grasped by popular comprehension, than upon hidden conditions of uniform and universal adjustment. In no branch of our civil service is the well-being of every part so essential to the successful operation of the whole as it is in the complicated mechanism of our defensive service in which the special function of every spring and lever is regulated by an inflexible system of subordination from the private in the ranks to the highest officer in command. Alter the character of any of the parts, and the whole engine is impeded. Attempt to legislate army affairs with a view to merely political effect, and the whole fabric is liable to lose its efficiency, the distinguishing feature of which is constant readiness for unexpected emergencies.

That the support of a large standing army is repugnant to the spirit of republican institutions is an aphorism beyond gainsay, but one that is not safe to interpret too literally. A proper defensive system must always be sustained. What is to be feared from the existence of a military organization is, of course, its tendency to cultivate an aristocratic and irresponsible sentiment among the favored few to whom the command is intrusted, which in time might grow into an element dangerous to popular liberty. History shows this to have been one of the most efficient causes of the downfall of republics, and the lesson must not be slighted. But the absence from our social organization of any special class into whose hands the military command could systematically fall, together with the manner in which the appointing patronage is distributed through every Congressional district in the country seem to preclude all possibility of such danger with us. Moreover, the risk, such as it might be, is further lessened by the vast territory over which our army is scattered. With five regiments of artillery spread along our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, on the shores and keys of the Gulf of Mexico, and on the Canadian frontier; and ten regiments of cavalry and twenty-five of infantry protecting our Indian frontiers and inland routes of social and commercial development there is little chance for any individual, or set of individuals, to corrupt the moral tone of the service so as to convert it into an instrument for the subversion of freedom. The army can never be a popular institution in the political significance of the term; but neither can it, while public opinion remains true to freedom, be converted into an instrument dangerous to popular institutions in their higher sense.

As the proposition to reduce the army seemed to meet with wide favor in the earlier months of the present Congress, it may be well to compare its present status with that before and during the Rebellion. The question involved being entirely one of economy, a comparison of figures will present the argument in its clearest light. In January, 1861, the United States army consisted, in the aggregate, of 13,024, of whom 11,907 were enlisted men, and 1,117 were commissioned officers. Of private soldiers there were 9,088, making the relative number of commissioned officers to privates about one to nine. In the same year the army was increased to 39,273, of whom 29,366 were privates, and 2,009 were commissioned officers—a proportion of about one to fifteen. In 1871 the total strength was 35,353, of whom 23,820 were privates, and 2,264 commissioned officers—a proportion of one to ten. In 1876, according to the report of the Secretary of War rendered to Congress July 8th, the numerical strength of the army was 26,979, with one commissioned officer to every six men. From these figures, taken from official sources, it is evident that we have exactly doubled the fighting strength of our army since 1861. Considering, however, the growth of our population in that interval, and its expansion across the continent, together with the additional duties imposed upon the service by reconstruction and other political causes, the increase cannot be regarded as extravagant so far as concerns the rank and file. On the other hand, however, the number of commissioned officers appears to have been more than quadrupled; and here, finally, we have the key to the real reform which economy and every proper interest demands shall be made in our military organization. The proportion of officers to enlisted men in the three fighting arms is probably as it should be. The disproportion is caused by the army of staff officers which the nation supports in elegant ease. Eighty-five quartermasters, twenty-nine commissaries and sixty-five paymasters are required to issue supplies to the troops in garrison and in the field, besides the 519 surgeons who minister to their bodily ailments. The thirty chaplains who supplement this corps of specialists look

ridiculously meagre in the list. If Congress would take hold of the staff of the army and lessen its strength by judiciously combining their duties, as is done in European armies, it would inaugurate a real reform. Sixty-five paymasters, for instance, for forty regiments, is an absurdity. In the British army the paymaster is a regimental officer; and in the scattered condition of our force, the adoption of such an arrangement here would be an economy, and would conduce greatly to the welfare and comfort of the troops. In similar manner the 786 officers and men constituting the Ordnance Corps should be amalgamated with the artillery, to which they ought to be subservient, but actually are superior in rank. In this way, also, both public interest and military efficiency could be subserved. We have not space to indicate in detail the several methods in which a reorganization of the service in this manner would be beneficial, and effect an enormous reduction in its cost. It is sufficient to say that the plan we have roughly hinted at is that of nearly all the modern armies of Europe, and has been repeatedly urged and recommended by officers of our own service. What is wanted in order to effect real reform and saving in our army is not reduction of the fighting arms, but consolidation and weeding out of the superfluous staff corps.

The above calculations, it will be observed, are based exclusively on the strength of the army, leaving out of consideration the expense of its support. This latter must necessarily be regulated by the force to be maintained, and must preserve a numerical concomitance therewith. It is notorious that the leakages of public funds in this branch of the public service have invariably been associated with the administration of the staff departments. It is reasonable to suppose that the first step towards economy must arise from such a judicious reorganization of those departments as will eliminate therefrom all tendency to unnecessary expenditure and extravagance.

THE TRAMP NUISANCE.

THE newspapers all over the country are speaking of the tramp nuisance; and the tramp nuisance consists of thousands of shiftless good-for-nothings who have an utter aversion to work, an entire want of conception of social duties, and very hazy ideas as to the proper relations of mine and thine. These tramps are peripatetic beggars, if no worse. But the trouble is, that the majority of them are worse, and not only beg, but steal. They, too, are responsible for many an outrage of a kind too base to mention—a fact that has become so well known that dwellers in our suburbs dare not send their children into the byways alone; or, indeed, hardly dare leave them alone in their houses. Every section of the country is infested by these tramps. They are a national pest, and should be treated as such, with a combined and determined effort to bring them within the scope of the same laws that govern more useful citizens. In the West they have become so numerous, and are so organized into bands, that they have no scruples in making demands, or enforcing them. Several instances have occurred where parties of two or three hundred of these *miserables* have boarded railroad trains and threatened force to the employés if they refused to transport them. They have visited farmers who refused them shelter with a destruction of crops and with fire. A whole field of young tobacco was trampled under foot in one instance; in another a collection of valuable trees was girdled, and there is hardly a paper that does not give some account of a fire due either to the malice or carelessness of tramps. Most of these tramps are able-bodied, and as capable of working as those who furnish them with food; some of them may be unfortunate in the lack of employment—for we all know how hard the times are, but the most of them are the shiftless fellows they are from pure indolence and natural "cussedness."

Nor are the tramps confined to the country or suburbs; they infest the cities as well. Recently five of them came to the writer's basement-window while he was at breakfast, and asked for money or food. To those who asked the latter, hominy and milk was offered, but was indignantly refused, as of too coarse a texture for the refined palate of a tramp. We had ourselves breakfasted on it, and found it very good. These fellows often ask for clothes as well as food. We fitted out a poor ragged wretch the other day—begging him to consign his tattered droll suit to the kitchen-range. This he refused to do, and we understood the reason afterwards when we saw our cast-off garments hanging in an "old clothes" establishment—where our object of charity had promptly sold them, and donned his rags again. Everybody who reads this article will know of scores of similar instances, and will agree with us that the *genus* tramp is a dangerous element in society, and ought to be dealt with accordingly.

If we only knew just how to treat the tramp! We are, as a people, charitably disposed and benevolently inclined. We give so freely when our hearts are touched, that we often give without discrimination. We don't want to see any man go hungry in the midst of the land's great plenty. But we do want to give to the most worthy—and we do want to withhold our hands entirely from giving to the unworthy. We do not want to encourage idleness, or furnish strength to men who are inclined to use that strength to commit crimes. Above all, while we make laws to punish vagrancy, we don't want to give encouragement to vagrancy—which we certainly do when we give to able-bodied tramps. Almost every town has its poorhouse or other institutions where those who are homeless, or hungry strangers, can be temporarily supplied with food and a place to sleep. But it is a question if it is best to furnish these things gratuitously. We are inclined to think that they should only be given for an equivalent of labor performed. There is no town with such perfect roads and ways but that some work can be found on them for the straggler who wants to earn a day's food and lodging. And what is applicable to towns is applicable to private gifts as well. Say to the tramp who asks for a meal: "Certainly; but first, here is a broom—I want my sidewalk swept; or here is water—I want my steps washed down. When you've done this you shall have a good meal, certainly." The trouble is, one would have to watch the tramp, or run the risk of losing pail or broom. The correct principle upon which to treat able-bodied vagrants is the principle of just equivalents. So much pay for so much work, even if the work has to be made for them. The deserving beggar will have no aversion to work—will rather do it gladly—and any who will not work should be considered as vagrants, and handed over to the authorities, not for assistance, but for punishment. When this is done, and done by corporations and individuals alike, as a duty, we shall see that it is more difficult to find a tramp than Diogenes found it to discover an honest man.

ABSURDITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

WHEN the American citizen builds himself a house after his own heart, his neighbor immediately seizes upon the model and repeats it, with the slightest possible variation. The result is, a uniformity in building which can alone delight the heart of the house-carpenter. Indeed this last named gentleman usually centres in himself the profession of architect, as well as the trade of the plane and chisel. To the average mind it seems a waste of money, if not of brain, to employ an architect to draw up plans and specifications for that which is to be merely a home for the family, and not a structure for the public. Why waste the hard coin which makes this life endurable upon an ornamental swivel of a pencil? The carpenter is a practical man and understands himself. As to this latter class there can be no doubt, as his bills will testify. At the start, taste is discounted, and the new house is inevitably modeled upon some particular dwelling that has struck the carpenter's fancy. The structure is thus secured against any of the oddities of originality.

The result of this course of proceeding is that there is an appalling uniformity in our household structures. In rural parts, the square, white wooden house, with an unpainted "ell" in the rear, and garnished with green blinds, is the orthodox pattern. An adventurous man may add a portico, but let him by no means venture upon a piazza, unless he be a millionaire. In that event he can do as he pleases, since the bucolic mind worships at the shrine of wealth. Bold must be the man who, with moderate means, dreams of an advance in the way of Gothic architecture or who consults an architect as to the style of his house. In the city there is much the same feeling. If the fashion of the day decides upon brick, with dormer-windows, the pattern must be followed. Here, our houses are built in bulks by the dozen. When one block is finished, the next is taken up and reared in the same style. One block of brick begets another, and the same may be said of other materials. In late years the edict has gone forth from our first society that dwellings which respect social recognition must be faced with brown stone. The result is, that we have streets as hideous as the catacombs, and as uniform as the pyramids. A solemn funeral front is presented, from rim to rim, unbroken, save at rarest intervals, by a structure of marble or brick. No one really pretends to admire this uniformity, yet it is unfashionable to protest against it. The wearied citizen bears it as an evil to which he must needs grow accustomed. As he saunters wearily homewards in the dusk of evening, he counts the houses carefully from the corner, that he may not present himself unexpectedly at his neighbor's table. At

night, when returning late from "Lodge," his task is yet more difficult. It is necessary that he shall scan all the landmarks cautiously, and light a match at his own keyhole, lest he should be taken for a burglar, and summarily dispatched by an alarmed and nervous householder. Slave as he is to this absurd law of uniformity, should he build elsewhere to-morrow, he will summon his carpenter, and stroll up the avenue to pick out the model after which is own private castle is to be built.

This law of uniformity is even more observable in Philadelphia than in New York. As the stranger treads the narrow defiles of the City of Brotherly Love, he is painfully impressed with the idea that he is marching between close ranks of uniformed residences, and has a depressing sense of being under guard. The white lintels, door-posts and "stoops" possess for him the strange fascination that is exercised by the belts and stripes of the soldiers. Yet it would be useless to suggest to the gulleless son of Penn that a red brick front, with white facings, is not the very ideal of beauty, or that life is too short to be expended, in so great part, in keeping white marble steps scrubbed up to the regulation standard. To all such remembrances the meek dweller among Quakers returns only a pitying glance, that conveys inexpressible sorrow for the ignorance of the critic. As a matter of taste, he prefers the white wooden shutters to any blinds that could be fashioned, and all the argument in the world could not persuade him otherwise. Yet he is no more set in his fashion of uniformity than the man of Baltimore or Boston, only its mode of expression is more eccentric.

The broiling and baking, which our dwellers in cities have experienced this Summer, suggests the advisability of some architectural changes with a view to escape a future roasting. If people are disposed to make the question of taste subsidiary, and to be content with regiments of homes in the same dull dress, they yet may listen to reason in the matter of sanitary arrangements. Our houses appear to be constructed wholly with a view to keep out the cold, and the result is that they retain the heat with a tenacity which is simply terrible. The bricks and mortar become reservoirs of superheated sunshine, which they distribute to luckless sleepers through the still nights of Summer. A shower has no effect upon the reserve forces of heat. The strongest of evening breezes plays idly around them. Only when there is a sound of the approach of Autumn's frosts does life become endurable in city homes. Yet it need not be so. The carpenter says there is no remedy; but he is not the last of the critics. If we have courage to break the law of fashion, and build for ourselves, with an eye to taste and a thought for ventilation, he may find that Summer life in a city which is cooled every evening by ocean breezes may be made endurable, if not enjoyable. The experiment is well worth a trial.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING JULY 22D, 1876.

Monday.....111 1/2	Thursday.....111 1/2 @ 111 3/4
Tuesday.....111 1/2 @ 111 1/2	Friday.....111 1/2 @ 111 1/2
Wednesday.....111 1/2 @ 111 1/2	Saturday.....111 1/2 @ 111 1/2

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BANKRUPT NOBLEMEN.—The London journals announce the passage through the bankruptcy courts of two English baronets, one of whom was ruined by his devotion to Don Carlos, who is now in the enjoyment of the millions left by the Duke of Modena. The second is Sir Randall Roberts, who, finding that he had too small a fortune to sustain his rank, tried to make money as an actor. He followed the example of Sir William Don, who had a very fair success for a time, though by no means an actor of genius. Sir Randall Roberts came very near a failure, from all accounts, in "Under the Veil" and "Naval Engagements," and had a complete failure in a financial way. Yet he is a man of incontestable talent, and would certainly have made his fortune if he had gone into some business house instead of trying to live by intellectual pursuits—the poorest paid of all. At one time Sir Randall was a correspondent of the *Times* in India, and served the *Daily Telegraph* in the same capacity during the late Franco-Prussian war, receiving the Iron Cross from the Prussian Government. The question of finding a career for men of family without fortune in these times is one of importance, and happy the impecunious nobleman who can make up his mind to go into commerce at once.

ARISTOCRATIC BANDITS.—The Mafia, or Secret Society of Criminals in Sicily, has met with a severe blow. The police authorities of Girgenti have effected an important capture of brigands near that town, and with them have surprised and taken into custody three "gentlemen"—two Cavalieri and one Baronello—who are presumed to be the directors and administrators of the most formidable conspiracy against the law that even Italy has ever known. The Mafia has succeeded in completely overawing Sicilian juries and tribunals, and it has not succumbed to the presence of a large military force and the rigorous justice of courts-martials. It has been suspected for some time that this dangerous association could not have acquired its extraordinary power without the guidance of some persons in a higher position than the peasants of

whom the ordinary brigands are made; and this suspicion has been confirmed by the capture at Girgenti. It is now not difficult to understand how the movements of the police were constantly defeated, how crimes were so perfectly planned and carried out with so much assurance, and how the criminals appeared to dispose of large pecuniary resources. The aristocratic conspirators had all the information, the money, and the opportunities they required within easy reach, and but for their recklessness in arranging an interview with their agents, the brigands, they would probably have continued to escape detection.

COOKING SCHOOLS.—At the pleasant English village of Sunbury-on-Thames, a learned professor recently delivered a lecture on the mysteries of the culinary art. During the space of two hours he spoke of food and cookery, and descended on the theme of plain, boiled and roast to an attentive audience of workmen. Then, from precept to practice, the professor proceeded to construct a vegetable soup, a preparation of cabbage and bacon, and finally achieved a meat and potato pie. At the close of the lecture it was proposed that some of the ladies present should undertake a course of study at South Kensington, in order that the knowledge thereby gained might be imparted to the girls of the National School at Sunbury-on-Thames. In the halcyon days of culinary ignorance it used to be said that Providence sends us good food, but that cooks were the producers of the evil spirit, deliberately spoiling the bounties of nature. How many a worthy matron has been driven to the verge of deperation by the vagaries of professed cooks, and how many a toiling artisan "has laid down in dudgeon," heart-broken from indigestion, it would be superfluous to chronicle. Perhaps the moroseness of character attributed to Englishmen, and his fondness for alcoholic beverages, are but the natural consequences of badly cooked dinners. It is possible that the light-hearted gaiety attributed to Frenchmen arises less from climate than an innate perception of the fundamental principles of preparing their daily repasts, and the conviction that no mortal power can deprive them of dinner, no matter how slender may be the materials at their disposal. It is not perhaps necessary that every Anglo-Saxon man and woman should imbibe the rudiments of cookery at their births, and that the infant mind should boil a potato as it slowly ponders over the elementary branches of juvenile instruction. Nevertheless it would soften materially the asperities of life if the head of every household knew how to cook a dinner at an emergency.

BUSINESS DEPRESSION IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Louis J. Jennings, formerly editor of the *New York Times*, is writing a series of very interesting letters from London to the *New York World*. He describes the trade and commerce of Great Britain as languishing under a depression such as we have been experiencing in this country for the past two years. The following extract from a letter of June 29th will be found instructive: "There can be no doubt that the successful competition of the United States with England in departments of industry which have for years been almost monopolized by the latter country has had a great effect in producing the present depression. This particular cause is felt chiefly in the manufacturing districts. It is beginning to be generally understood and admitted that many descriptions of American cotton goods are both cheaper and better than English goods of the same classes—a fact which manufacturers here have found it hard to get into their heads, but which they are no longer able to deny. The result is only just beginning to be felt, for the poorer classes have but recently had their attention called to the superiority of American goods—and they are great consumers. Already I have heard one or two manufacturers grumble bitterly at the disadvantage under which they labor, in having American goods imported into this country without duty, while they cannot compete with their rivals in the United States, because of a prohibitive duty on that side. This simply means, of course, that they would like to see a duty imposed here on American goods, and it would not surprise me to see a cry raised for some such measure as that if American manufacturers go on beating the English on their own ground. The Indian demand is now largely supplied from the United States—another enormous loss to Lancashire. No wonder that some mills are being worked only three days a week, and that the owners of all are passing through a period of great trial and anxiety. In the iron trade, also, the influence of Russian, Belgian, and American competition is severely felt. Large quantities of American goods of all kinds are now sent over here, and what does this country send back? At present, very little, if anything, as the great steamship lines have sorrowful reason to know."

SPELLING REFORM.—At the session, on July 20th, of the American Philological Association, in this city, the committee appointed last year to consider the subject of reform in English spelling rendered the following unanimous report: 1. The truth and sole office of alphabetic writing is faithfully and intelligently to represent spoken speech. So-called "historical" orthography is only a concession to the weakness of prejudice. 2. The ideal of an alphabet is that every sound should have its own unvarying sign, and every sign its own unvarying sound. 3. An alphabet intended for use by a vast community need not attempt an exhaustive analysis of the elements of utterance and a representation of the nicest varieties of articulation: it may well leave room for the unavoidable play of individual and local pronunciation. 4. An ideal alphabet would seek to adopt for its characters forms which should suggest the sounds signified, and of which the resemblances should, in some measure, represent the similarities of the sounds. But, for general practical use, there is no advantage in a system which aims to depict in detail the physical processes of utterance. 5. No language has ever had or is likely to have a perfect alphabet; and in changing and amending the mode of writing a language already long written, regard must necessarily be had to what is practically

possible, quite as much as to what is in itself desirable. 6. To prepare the way for such a change, the first step is to break down, by the combined influence of enlightened scholars and of practical educators, the immense and stubborn prejudice which regards the established modes of spelling, almost as constituting the language, as having a sacred character, and as in themselves preferable to others. All agitation and all definite proposals of reform are to be welcomed so far as they work in this direction. 7. An altered orthography will be unavoidably offensive to those who are first called upon to use it; but any sensible and consistent new system will rapidly win the hearty preference of the mass of writers. 8. The Roman alphabet is so widely and firmly established in use among the leading civilized nations that it cannot be displaced; in adapting it to improved use for English, the efforts of scholars should be directed towards its use with uniformity and in conformity with other nations.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A STATE Convention of Missouri Democrats was held at Jefferson City, July 19th.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL TYNER reduced the pay of letter carriers at all free deliveries.

DON CARLOS, with his suite, arrived in New York, and took apartments at the Windsor.

A RESUMPTION of work was ordered in all the coal mines in the Scranton region on July 25th.

THE Board of Trade of Chicago petitioned Congress to provide for the continuance of the fast mail trains.

FOUR Molly Maguires were convicted at Pottsville, Pa., on the 23d, for the murder, last year, of policeman Vost.

HON. WILLIAM A. WHEELER, Republican candidate for Vice-President of the United States, forwarded his letter of acceptance.

A DISPATCH confirming the death of Sitting Bull in the Custer fight was received from Indians reporting at Bismarck, Minn.

COLONEL MERRITT intercepted a large body of Sioux allies en route to join Sitting Bull, and forced them back to their agencies.

HEREAFTER organized schools, when visiting the Centennial Exhibition in a body, will be admitted at twenty-five cents per head.

THE eighth annual session of the American Philological Society was held last week in Dr. Crosby's Church, New York city, President Harkness in the chair.

THE California State Board of Harbor Commissioners have selected a number of gentlemen to draw up plans for the construction of a sea wall along the front of San Francisco.

GENERAL SHERIDAN will take the field against the Indians and direct all operations, while General Sherman will remain in Washington. Our troops will aggregate about 4,000 men.

THE students of Cornell University won the University, the Freshmen, and the Single-scut Races at Saratoga on the 19th. In the evening Mr. William M. Everts presented a flag to each of the winning crews.

THE committee of five chosen by the Congressional Council which Plymouth Church called, decided not to receive evidence nor conduct an investigation of the Beecher scandal until somebody presents the allegations in the form of a direct charge.

On Thursday afternoon, July 20th, the yacht *Mohawk* was capsized in a gale, and its owner, Vice-Commodore Garner, Mrs. Garner, her brother, Mr. Thorne, Miss Adele Hunter, and the cabin boy, Peter Sullivan, were drowned. All the bodies were recovered. The remains of Miss Hunter and Sullivan were buried on the 23d, and of Mr. and Mrs. Garner and Mr. Thorne on the 24th. A coroner's jury acquitted Captain Howland, the sailing-master, from the charge of criminal negligence.

Foreign.

GENERAL BOISROND CANAL was elected President of Hayti. A monetary crisis prevails at Jamaica.

VIENNA experienced a severe shock of earthquake on the 17th.

ALL the Powers except Russia declared the demand of Roumania unreasonable.

THE British House of Lords passed the hotly debated Merchant's Shipping Bill.

SENOR ELDUAYNE, civil Governor of Madrid, was appointed Minister of Finance.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the new national loan in Havana now amount to \$4,000,000.

It is likely that the export duty on nitrate will be increased by the Peruvian Congress.

DOM PEDRO and suite reached Liverpool on the 22d, and, landing quietly, proceeded immediately to London.

THE subscription to the new City of Paris loan amounted to fifty-four times the sum required, \$24,000,000.

A BILL suppressing the Fueros in Biscay passed the Spanish Congress, and the Senate approved the new budget.

COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, Russian Ambassador at London, has asked to be recalled, as his position there is intolerable.

THE Khédive agreed to refer the disputes with the courts to the Powers interested, and accepted the decision beforehand.

GENERAL TCHERNAYEFF, the Servian general, was defeated at Nissa, while the Turks gained a signal victory at Beljina.

AUSTRIA claimed that her rights were violated by a Turkish man-of-war in the harbor near Klek firing upon the insurgents.

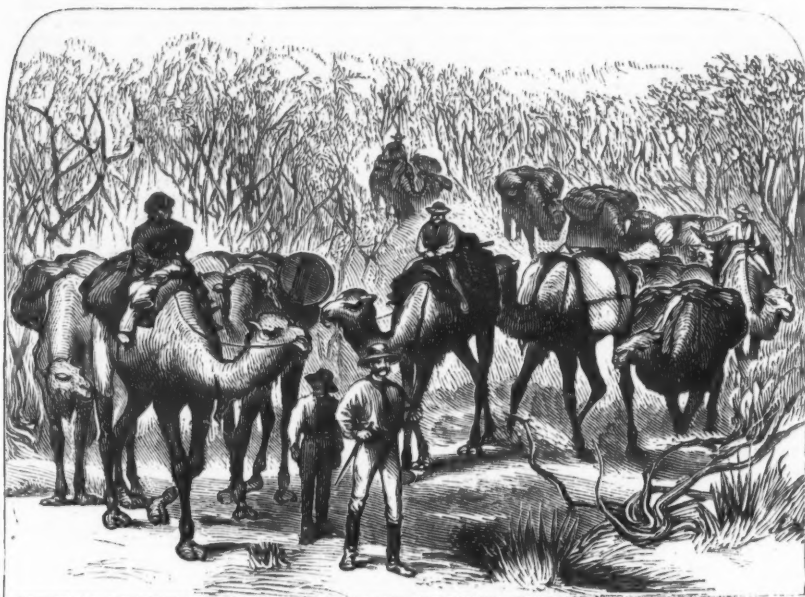
A DISPATCH from Paris reports that the six Great Powers are in daily communication relative to Eastern affairs, and that a general understanding exists between them.

MINISTER PIERREPONT denied that there is a prospect of negotiations for a renewal, on a more satisfactory basis, of the extradition treaty between England and the United States.

A PROTEST is being prepared by the Greek Government to present to the Great Powers, should the Porte fulfil its intention of establishing a colony of 70,000 Circassians near the Greek frontier.

THE National Government of Columbia has offered a bonus of \$96,000 to any one clearing out and rendering serviceable the Digue Canal, which connects the River Magdalena with Carthagena.

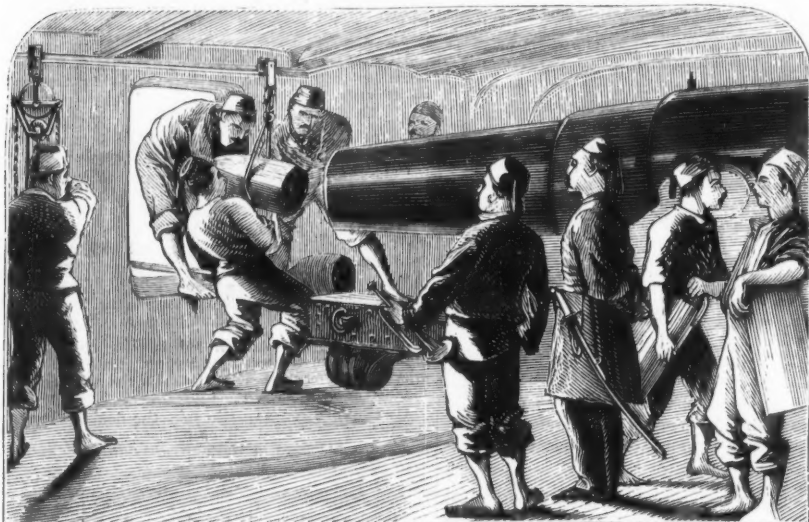
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 359.



AUSTRALIA.—AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION TRAVELING IN "THE SCRUB."



TURKEY.—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE SULTAN PASSING THE GATE OF THE "OLD SERAGLIO."



TURKEY.—GUN-DRILL ON BOARD THE IRONCLAD "MESSOUDIEH."



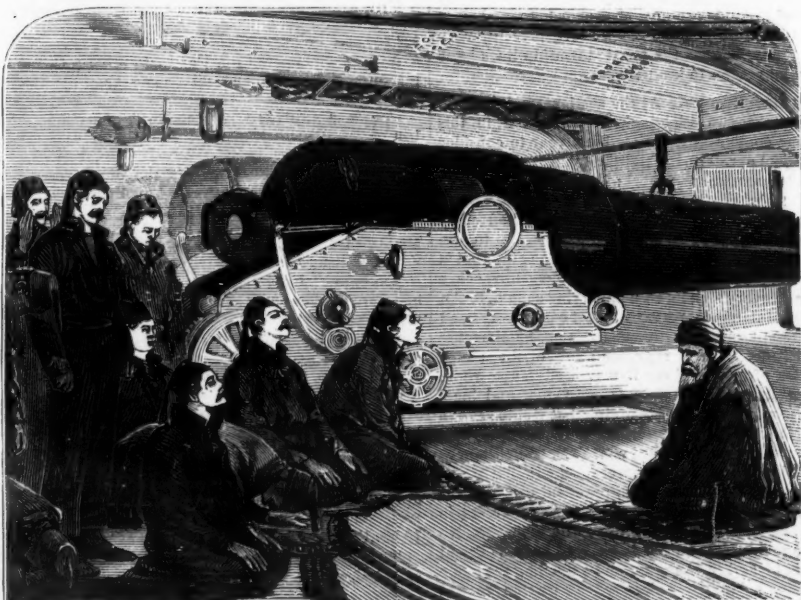
MALAYSIA.—INVESTITURE OF A CHINAMAN AT SINGAPORE WITH THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.



TURKEY.—INFANTRY OF THE LINE ON THE MARCH.



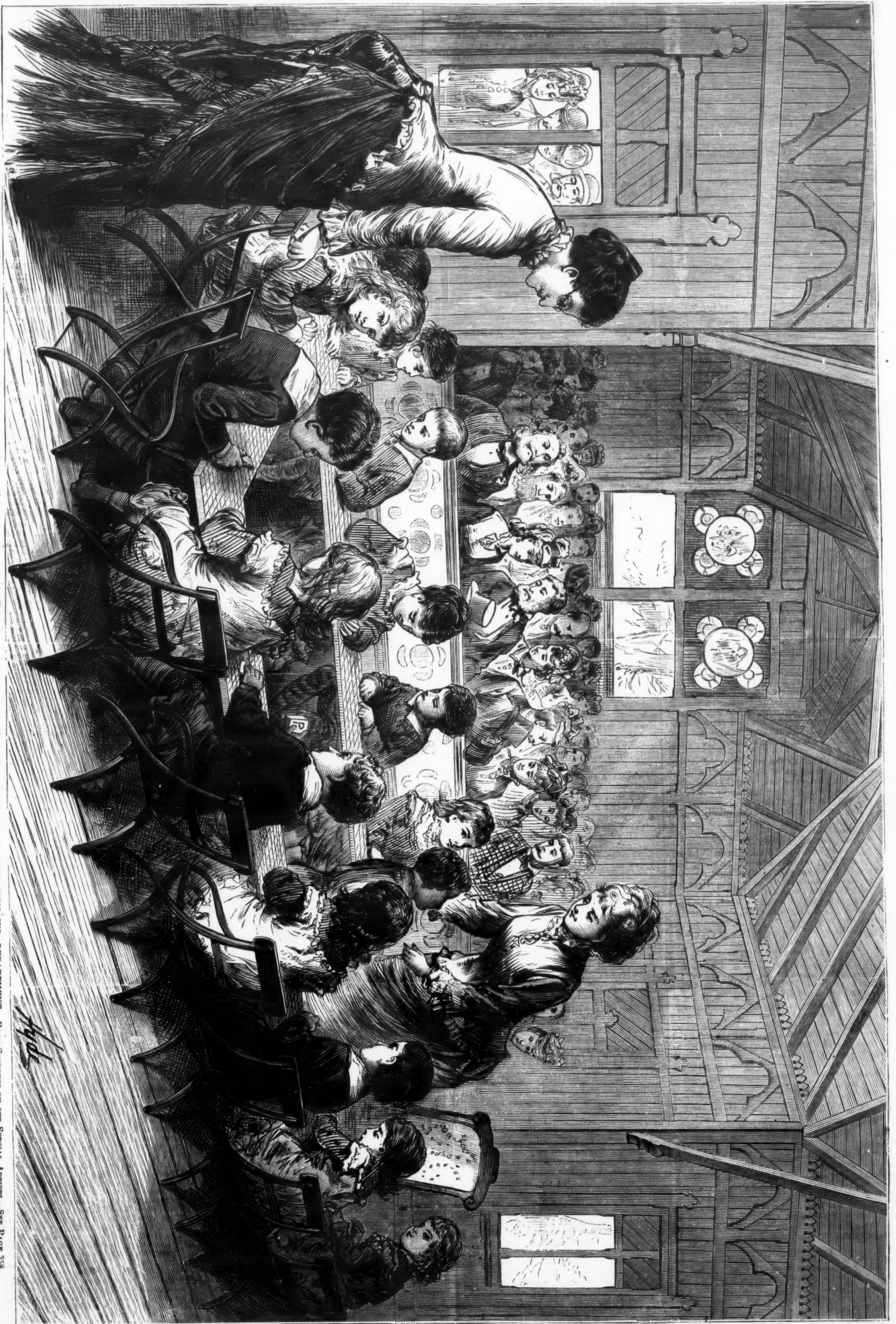
ENGLAND.—A POOR CHILDREN'S FLOWER-SHOW IN LONDON.



TURKEY.—RELIGIOUS SERVICES ON A TURKISH MAN-OF-WAR.



ENGLAND.—A PICNIC OF THE LONDON FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB—ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN IN THE KINDERGARTEN COTTAGE, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 358.

A DEATH SONNET FOR CUSTER.

BY
WALT WHITMAN.

FROM far Montana's cañons,
Lands of the wild ravine, the dusky Sioux, the
lonely stretch, the silence,
Haply, to-day, a mournful wail—haply, a trumpet note
for heroes.

The battle-bulletin,
The Indian ambush—the slaughter and environment,
The cavalry companies fighting to the last—in sternest,
coolest heroism.

The fall of Custer, and all his officers and men.

Continues yet the old, old legend of our race!
The loftiest of life upheld by death!
The ancient banner perfectly maintained!
O lesson opportune—O how I welcome thee!
As, sitting in dark days,
Lone, sulky, through the time's thick murk looking
In vain for light, for hope,
From unsuspected parts, a fierce and momentary proof,
(The sun there at the centre, though concealed,
Electric life for ever at the centre.)
Breaks forth a lightning flash.

Thou of the sunny, flowing hair, in battle,
I crowlike saw, with erect head, pressing ever in front,
bearing a bright sword in the hand,
Now ending well the splendid fever of thy deeds,
(I bring no dirge for it or thee—I bring a glad, triumphal
sonnet.)

There in the far Northwest, in struggle, charge and
saber-smite,
Desperate and glorious—ay, in defeat most desperate,
most glorious,
After thy many battles, in which, never yielding up a
gun or a color,
Leaving behind thee a memory sweet to soldiers,
Thou yieldest up thyself.

BOND AND FREE.

A TRUE STORY IN TWO PARTS.

BY "ELI PERKINS."

PART II.—(Continued.)

ABOUT two P. M., the *Mattie*, with William Lee and Daniel Webster's secretary, George Appleton, on board, reached Mount Vernon. Rachel had passed down the Potomac on the *Rose Hamilton* the day before, in company with a slave-trader named Nelson. She had been sold, paid for, and Nelson gave her an hour to get ready to depart from the plantation. Besides Rachel, Nelson took with him two negroes whom he had also bought of Judge Stewart.

The destination of the poor slaves was for some time kept from them. When Rachel tearfully asked where they were to be taken, Nelson chuckled to himself, and replied, in his South Carolina poor-white dialect:

"Well, honey, we's a 'gwine to take you down to Colonel Green's place, on the Ma'yland sho—right ne-a Washington."

Rachel knew that these "Maryland" shore plantations were very accessible to Washington, and, believing that to be her destination, she had no particular objection to going there. To be where she could occasionally see William was her only wish. But when she saw the *Rose Hamilton* pass Alexandria and Mount Vernon with no signs of reaching Colonel Green's place, she became alarmed.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Nelson, who had been drinking up in the "Texas" with the captain and pilot, came down into the cabin where Rachel sat, looking rather mournfully out of the window at the Maryland shore.

"Are we almost there?" she asked, without looking up at the slave-dealer.

"Almost wha', girl?"

"Almost to Colonel Green's."

"Colonel Green! the devil, woman!" he exclaimed. "We passed there befo' ten o'clock. Wer' bound to 'Richmond now. I've changed my mind. Now, don't go sniveling about it. You might just as well know the truth first as last; I've bought you to sell again, and when we get to Richmond the devil knows wha' you will go to. That depends on who buys you," he added, brutally; and then the slave-dealer swaggered out of the cabin.

A DREADFUL NIGHT.

That night was a dreary night for Rachel. Her slave companions soon fell asleep, but she was too sensitive to sleep. It was the white blood in her that suffered and secretly rebelled. A thousand plans of escape floated through her aching brain. Once she resolved to drown herself. She went and looked over the bulwark, but the waves looked so cold and cheerless, that she went and laid down again. About ten o'clock in the morning the boat put into Norfolk.

They had laid at the dock but a few moments when a friend of Nelson's, a brother slave-dealer, called to see him.

"Hallo, Nelson, what 'v'ou got here?" said the stranger, as he caught sight of Rachel and her companions in the cabin.

"Only a couple field hands and some parlor trash. How's the market he-a now?" asked the trader.

"Splendid for field hands, Nelson; but I reckon this white trash sells better in Richmond," he replied, looking at Rachel's delicate face and hands.

"If that's the case," said Nelson, "I reckon I'll try the market here."

It took the trader but a few moments to settle his bill with the clerk of the *Hamilton* and in an hour Rachel and her companions were off to the auction-rooms of Smith & Hawk.

THE SLAVE AUCTION.

The auction-rooms were filled with a motley crowd of slaves gathered up from Maryland and Virginia for the extreme Southern market. The low, swampy bottom-lands of the Mississippi and Red Rivers were just then being cleared up, and thousands of slaves bred in Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky were sold annually in Richmond,

Norfolk and Lynchburg for the lower plantation regions. The slaves were gathered up in small gangs by local traders and then sold at auction to the planters themselves, or bid off by extensive dealers who shipped them in larger gangs to be resold at high prices in New Orleans and Shreveport. A large, healthy, full black negro in those times brought \$1,200 in Norfolk, and \$1,800 in Shreveport. A light octoroon, like Rachel, would bring as much in Norfolk as in Shreveport, unless some dealer took a special fancy to her. It was not brain or beauty that possessed value. It was health, muscle, agility and endurance.

Words cannot describe the agony endured by Rachel all that dreadful night in the Norfolk slave-pen. She could neither eat nor sleep.

The next morning, when the slaves were arrayed in long rows for the auction, she looked haggard and worn.

By her side stood a rough, villainous-looking negro, with handcuffs on his wrists. They called him Runaway Jim. Three times he had escaped from his owners. Once he knocked his master senseless with a club and escaped into the swamp. Bloodhounds were sent after him, and, torn and bleeding, but not conquered, Runaway Jim was brought back to his master.

"How much for this black boy, Jim?" shouted the auctioneer. "Full black, sound and healthy; Number one field hand, twenty-two—warranted sound! How much?"

"Twelve hundred am I offered?"

"Who says one thousand?"

Some one in the crowd nodded, and the auctioneer continued:

"One thousand I am offered—thousan'—thousan'—thousan', who says the fifty?"

Some one said the fifty; others made it a hundred, and Jim was finally struck down to a Shreveport dealer at twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

"Now trot up another one!" shouted the auctioneer, and the attendants pushed Rachel toward the stand.

"She looks like a sick nigger, gen'lmen, but she's warranted sound!" shouted Nelson.

"No high-strung white trash for me," growled a man with a low brow. "They always play the devil with the other hands."

"Good for nothing but cotton-picking—no hoe-hand, and plowing would kill her," chimed in a third.

"Well, how much am I offered for this likely girl? Who says a thousand?" commenced the auctioneer. "Who says eight hundred. Does anybody want her? Who'll start this likely girl?"

"Seven hundred," repeated a voice to the rear.

"Seven hundred by two bidders; who says the eight? tate—tate—tate—tate?"

"Mr. Randolph says the eight. Who says the nine? nine—nine—nine; who says the nine? Nine am I offered? Nine—nine—nine. Who says the half? N'af—n'af—n'af?"

"Half!" responded the same voice in the rear of the room.

"Mr. Randolph says the half. Who says the thousand. Thousan'—thousan'—thousan'; who says the one thousan'? Thousan' I am offered?"

During all this time Rachel stood motionless. Grief had gotten beyond tears. She was in that state bordering on frenzy. There are times when tears are too weak to express the heart's emotion.

I saw a mother after the Mill River flood look calmly at five dead children in a row. No tears came to her eyes. Her eyelids were dry, and her eyeballs glared wildly around. Her mind was bordering on insanity.

So it was with Rachel. Nothing could torture her now. Death would have been a sweet relief. So when the auctioneer "knocked her down" to Mr. Randolph at eleven hundred dollars she did not know it.

She did not even hear Mr. Randolph when he turned around and said:

"Take good care of her, gentlemen, and I will send after her in an hour to go out to my place."

Then they took Rachel into another room. They spread down a rude quilt for her to lay on. Then, patting her on the head, one man kinder than the rest, said:

"There, child, don't trouble yourself any more, Randolph will be a kind master. Now go to sleep."

The kind words brought tears to Rachel's eyes, and when once the fountains were opened she wept long and bitterly. Finally her sobbing ceased. She was sound asleep.

THE "MATTIE" ARRIVES.

The sleep which Rachel fell into was the sleep which succeeds utter exhaustion. Nothing disturbed her. When they came to take away Runaway Jim he made a great noise, but Rachel didn't hear it. And even when the *Mattie* whistled, rang her bell, and rounded into port, she did not hear a sound.

On the boat were William and George Appleton. They had no idea of stopping at Norfolk, but the boat landed to take on some freight, so they went on shore.

The only walk from the boat led directly by the auction-rooms where Rachel lay asleep. Up this walk Mr. Appleton and William passed.

As they read the sign, "Smith & Hawk, Auctioneers—Sales of Negroes, Tuesdays and Fridays," William remarked:

"It is in just such an auction-room as this that we shall find Rachel when we get to Richmond. I do hope we shall get there before she is sold."

"We are twenty-four hours behind her. She will not surely leave the city the first day," said Mr. Appleton.

"Oh, what a happy day it will be for me," exclaimed William, "when I can pay the money for Rachel and take her back!"

They were now in front of the auction-room, and both naturally looked in. Around the room they saw sitting several groups of negroes. At one end they saw a woman sleeping with her head on an old blanket with her face to the wall.

"There has not been a woman here named Rachel, has there?" asked William of an old man who was frying some corn-bread and bacon on a skillet.

"No, I spects not. Dey're all here now 'cept Runaway Jim, and dere ain't no Rachel here."

"Who's that poor woman asleep there?" asked Mr. Appleton, pointing to Rachel.

"Oh, she belongs to Massa Randolph. Dey's gwine to take de poor child 'way dis afternoon. She feels mighty bad and 'pears to me she's sick. Ol' Nancy 'lows so, too," replied the old negro, as he lifted a piece of bacon out of the skillet on a fork and tasted it.

"Poor girl—poor girl!" slowly repeated Mr. Appleton, as they walked out of the door and sauntered down towards the *Mattie*.

THE DYING SLAVE GIRL.

The boat had a large cargo for Richmond. Twenty roustabouts were singing and rolling in freight, "and between tobacco and coal, I reckon we'll be here two hours," said the captain.

At the end of that time dinner was ready. As the dinner gong sounded a passenger hurriedly entered the cabin.

"Ah, Mr. Randolph—glad to see you. Back to Richmond again, eh?" asked the captain, shaking the gentleman's hand.

"Yes, captain, 'n I've got a sick nigger down below. Guess she's going to die. Just my luck!"

"One you've just bought, Mr. Randolph?" asked the captain.

"Yes, just paid 'leven hundred dollars for her, an' now the doctor says she's got the brain-fever. Five hundred dollars won't insure her. Don't want no more white niggers, I don't, captain. They ain't tough 'nough for me."

"What's the slave-girl's name?" asked Mr. Appleton, who left William out on the front deck to join in the conversation.

"Rachel, sir; 'n I'd sell her cheap."

"Rachel! Rachel who?" observed the questioner, quietly.

"Don't know, sir. She belonged to the Stewarts, up in Maryland; but I bought her of Nelson, the trader."

"And she's very sick?" continued Mr. Appleton, calmly.

Indeed, Mr. Appleton was never known to get excited. Now, almost any one in his particular place would have betrayed a good deal of emotion, and, on hearing the name "Rachel," they would have rushed out and, with unsuppressed excitement, announced the news to William. Not so with Mr. Appleton. In fact, when Mr. Randolph proceeded below with Doctor Clayton, one of his neighbors, to examine the sick slave, Mr. Appleton sauntered leisurely along, as if he were the most disinterested person in the world. He left William standing out on the guards in the most matter-of-fact manner.

"How is she, doctor?" asked Mr. Randolph, as they reached the almost insensible form of Rachel.

"I don't think she can live, George," replied the doctor, feeling her pulse. "It's brain-fever—pulse 120—and delirious, too."

"Just my luck!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph.

"Eleven hundred dollars for a dead nigger's dog-on rough, ain't it?" and the planter stood with his hands in his pockets and bit his lips.

"What would you sell her for as she is, and let the buyer take the chances?" asked Mr. Appleton, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Sell her for? Why, I'd like to have somebody offer three hundred for her. I don't think I'd hesitate long."

"I'll take her at three hundred."

"You!"

"Yes," said Mr. Appleton, quietly counting out three one-hundred dollar bills. "Now, be kind enough to give me a bill of sale."

It took but a moment to make out the bill of sale, and, placing it in his pocket, Mr. Appleton hastened to the upper deck where sat William, buried in thought, with his head bowed against his hand.

"William," he said, "I have seen Rachel. Come with me, and I'll take you to her."

"Take me to Rachel! Oh, surely, you cannot!" exclaimed the astonished lover.

"Come and see."

In a moment the two passed down the gangway to the lower cabin.

"There," he said, pointing to the reclining form of the sick girl; but before he could finish the sentence William sprang forward, fell on his knees, and clasped Rachel in his arms.

"Oh, Rachel!" he murmured. "Rachel! are you dead?"

The sick girl recognized the voice, and, placing her hand to her brow, stared wildly at the speaker a moment. Then tears rushed into her eyes, and her arms hung around his neck.

WILL SHE RECOVER?

There is a disease in the world which medicine cannot reach. It is sickness of the heart. The wild delirium of a starving soul. For such sickness the antidote must be a mental medicine—food and nourishment for the soul. It was this mental unrest which killed Mr. Greeley—a lost love, the Presidency. Buried hope killed Mr. Chase and Napoleon III. If this same doctor could have given Mr. Greeley the Presidency, or given to the sick Napoleon the Empire he lost at Sedan, they would have been well men now. So with Rachel. It was the destruction of all hope that made her soul-sick. William restored to her was the one antidote which could save her life.

Of course they gave her water, bathed her head, gave her gentle nourishment, and when they told her the news—how William had bought her, and would take her back to liberty and love, the medicine went to the sick brain, the fever broke, and the slave girl fell into a quiet sleep.

HAPPINESS.

"Oh, Mr. Appleton, just to think," commenced William, the next morning, "here I have Rachel, and six hundred dollars left to buy a little house. I am too happy to live!"

In forty-eight hours Rachel had so far recovered that they took the return boat for Washington.

When they arrived there, old Judge McLean could not find words to express his delight. He even sent a note to Clay and Webster, telling them that William had found Rachel. The letter ended by stating that they would be married the next evening at the Postmaster-General's house,

and inviting them to come and witness the ceremony.

UNITED AT LAST.

There have been statelier weddings in Washington than the wedding of William and Rachel, but there was never a happier one. The Postmaster-General's daughter called in Miss Carroll and Miss Adams, a niece of John Quincy Adams, who then occupied the old Adams mansion on "F" Street, and together they gave Rachel a beautiful wedding trousseau. And when Doctor Wainwright, from the old Church of Saint John, which looks across Jackson Square upon the Presidential mansion, had finished the wedding-service, and asked the blessing on the handsome octoroon, and his beautiful liquid-eyed, olive-brown bride, the scene could not have been grander or holier. The sympathetic chords in the big, warm hearts of Clay and Randolph and Webster were touched, and then went up from that happy group a sweet benediction to God.

THE END.

THE CENTENNIAL.

INTERESTING AND PICTURESQUE FEATURES OF
THE EXPOSITION—THE KINDERGARTEN—
"THE FREED SLAVE," ETC., ETC.

ONE of our full-page illustrations of the Philadelphia World's Fair represents a model example of a system of education of the young which is just now exciting great attention in this country; viz., the Froebel Kindergarten. Just back of and along-side of the Woman's Pavilion in the Exhibition Grounds—indeed, it is an "annex" of that building—is a charming little cottage with the inscription over the door:

"The Kindergarten, by Froebel. Under the auspices of the Woman's Department.
The children are from the Northern Home for Friendless Children."

Go there any Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday, before twelve o'clock, and you can look down from the gallery upon eighteen little children, from three to six years of age, and see the working details of this German system for educating "babies." The artists have shown this view. Miss Burritt carries on here under the favorable auspices of a new and special building, new furniture, and new materials for the children's work (contributed by Mr. Steiger, 122-4 Frankfort Street, New York), the training begun by her last Winter in the Northern Home for Friendless Children of Philadelphia. The children go through the regular daily exercises of the Kindergarten, nothing for sensation or show, but a genuine exhibit of the happy movement plays, the interesting and absorbing occupations and "gifts" so familiar to little folks under this training. To Mrs. Gillespie's large heart and clear brain is due the direction taken by the \$1,500 raised by the Rhode Island Committee for the Woman's Building—being put as it was into the erection of the little child-garden cottage. Besides the practical illustration of the conditions of a Kindergarten according to the ideas of its now renowned German founder, Froebel, that interesting little weekly which every woman in the country ought to subscribe for, the *New Century for Women*, a journal published in the Women's Pavilion (everything about it being the handiwork of women), has had some admirable articles in its first three numbers, from the pen of Miss Peabody, and translations of hers from the German authorities. By these who are not familiar with the system, the following technicalities may be read with interest: In 1837 an eminent German educator, Friedrich Froebel, introduced a new method of infant training. He gave it the name of the Kindergarten (children's garden). This consists of a large, well-ventilated, well-lighted and pleasant room, or rooms, opening upon a garden, in which, besides a playground for all, and a large garden-plot, there are small plots for each child old enough to cultivate them. In the large garden are flowers, useful vegetables, trees, and birds are encouraged to make it a home. The children are from two months to fourteen years. They pass from three to five hours a day at the gardens. The infants are accompanied by their mothers, nurses, or, better still, skilled teachers—well-educated young women who enter into the work from a sincere love for it and for children. Here (from the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*) is a rather enthusiastic, though just, description of one of these teachers, now attending the International Conference of Educators sitting at Philadelphia:

"The reporter was so fortunate as to see the bright, sweet face of the representative of the Kindergarten system, among the educators, Mad me Krauss-Bolte. It is enough to make one wish to be a child one's self to attend a Kindergarten, cut paper, stick holes in paste-board, and pin peas together, to talk a little while with the lovely enthusiast from the old Saxon shores who stands as the most efficient leader of this movement in this country. Poets and romancers have told us, again and again, that to live with children is the way to keep the freshness and innocence of childhood; and this sweet stranger seems to prove the assertion. She has surely in her child-garden—which must be a little bit of Paradise that did not share the fall—no inmate younger-hearted than herself. If Germany sends us many more such Kindergarten-nurses as Frau Krauss, she will soon make converts of us all to Froebel's theories. This lady informed us that she was trained in Hamburg, eighteen years ago, by the widow of Froebel. She has a Kindergarten in New York, and connected with it a training-school for Kindergarten-nurses."

Froebel was very particular in the selection of teachers, deeming it indispensable to the success of the institution. No corporal punishment is allowed; exclusion from a game or from the gardens for a day or more is the only punishment found necessary. Froebel devised many games and exercises for his course of instruction, and as a part of the necessary apparatus, prepared his six "gifts," which are used in all Kindergartens. In the use of each of these an explanatory song, sung at first by the teacher and afterwards by the children, accompanies each exercise or game.

The first gift consists of six soft balls of different colors, and a string; the colors are red, blue and yellow, green, violet and orange. They are moved horizontally, vertically and in circles before the infant by the teacher, or an older child, who sings the song explaining the motions—by these balls the child obtains ideas of form, color, size and movement, as well as of its own individuality.

The second gift is a cube, a cylinder, a wooden ball, a stick and a string. These are used in a variety of ways, from which the child acquires ideas of form, size, sound, movement, and of development, according to a fixed law.

The third gift is a cube, cut into eight equal cubes; these the child arranges into other forms, gets a notion of angles, cubes, the laws of con-

struction, and the division of units into halves, quarters and eighths.

The fourth gift is a cube divided into eight equal planes. In the use of this the children unite around a table, and together construct their buildings and other objects.

The other gifts are but elaborations of these simpler forms, by which children are taught the alphabet, the elementary principles of arithmetic, geometry, architecture, modeling in clay, drawing, gymnastics, under the guise of "plays" for developing the muscles, and music, rhythm and rhyme, by songs explanatory and instructive.

Here is the Kindergarten as summarized by Dr. Harris, Superintendent of Schools at St. Louis, in his paper before the International Conference at Philadelphia the other day:

"The proper age for beginning school was the first question to be decided, the speaker said. In Northern sections, he thought five to six a suitable age. In Southern sections the children should begin a year or two later, and their tasks should be shorter and less difficult. The committee had approved of the Kindergarten as an introduction to the school, to be used where it could be until the age of about seven. Its advantages were—first, education and improvement of the perceptive faculties; second, theoretical and accurate knowledge of form and color; third, good manners were learned; neatness, cleanliness, gracefulness, and order early inculcated; and the body and imagination trained together by their games and the songs that accompany them. Three hours daily were given as the usual length of time for a Kindergarten. In Germany, however, four to five hours are usual for the Kindergarten of the wealthier class of children, and a much longer time, sometimes the whole day, for children who were not only to be taught but also taken care of."

During Froebel's life (he died in 1852) more than fifty Kindergartens were established in Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland. No government has yet introduced the system into the public schools. The journals devoted to this specialty published in Weimar and Berlin, respectively, since 1861 and 1866, enjoy great favor. The system has been introduced into the United States, and there are several such schools in New York (by Madame Kreige and Madame Krauss Bolte); Miss Marwedel in Washington; Miss Blow in St. Louis; Miss Garland in Boston, and Miss Burritt in Philadelphia.

We cannot close this notice of a most important subject without quoting by way of pleasantness—and there's many a true word spoken in jest—a paragraph from the translated treatise on the Kindergarten in the first number of the *New Century for Women*. It is to illustrate the fitness of one of the "plays" of Froebel.

"TO TOUCH MOTHER EARTH.—Another general necessity of childhood, although rarely met and made use of in education, especially among the higher classes, and among girls, is the instinct to dig in the earth, plant in it, and make little gardens, if only by sticking into it cut flowers. Certainly this instinct of childhood is a primitive one of the race; upon it depends the proper nourishment of man; civilization never precedes agriculture. But how rare it is that the child of cultivated parents finds the opportunity of following that attraction which carries the children of the street to play in the gutter, for the want of a better place. As soon as the instinct shows itself it is repressed. 'Do not get dirty,' is the first commandment of the maternal catechism. If we only knew what we were about in repressing, nay, in not cultivating this liking for fingering in the earth!

"THE FREED SLAVE."

On our front page will be found an illustration of a life-size bronze figure in one of the galleries of Memorial Hall, representing a highly idealized African who has just been set free from slavery by Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1st, 1863. The "freedman" holds in his hand, exultantly, a scroll bearing in a legend the pith of the Proclamation. The artist is an Austrian, by the name of Pezzicari, and he has produced a striking and impressive figure. The attitude is that of a man suddenly roused to a full sense of exultation at the receipt of unexpected good news. The catalogue of the Austrian Art Department uses the following critical language respecting the statue:

"It is the substance of frequent remark that Pezzicari's 'The Freed Slave,' No. 163, is anatomically incorrect, and that the upper portion of the chest protrudes too much. In reply to this, we may give Lessing's answer to a somewhat similar argument as applied to the Laocoön, viz.: 'That as the slave is, in this instance, supposed to be the highest embodiment of the feelings of all other slaves, it was necessary to express this by intensifying the effect. Viewed in this light, the height of the chest, although not strictly in accordance with anatomical truth, is justified in an artistic sense.'

THE KANSAS AND COLORADO BUILDING.

Kansas and Colorado have erected a Centennial Building in partnership. It is a little east of Belmont Avenue, and near Agricultural Hall. The style is Gothic, and the plan a Greek cross, which is 150 feet in length and the same in width. Colorado's display consists mainly of argenteiferous galena, auriferous quartz, fossiliferous rocks, raw wool, and stuffed specimens of the porcupine, badger, great gray wolf, coyote, wolverine, panther, and, high up, so as to suggest its native home, a specimen of the big-horn sheep. Kansas exhibits a trophy consisting of gradually receding shelves, upon which are hundreds of bottles containing cereal products. Above this is an immense map, showing Kansas as it is in 1876, and supported at the side by cornstalks twenty feet high, and by other cereal products of gigantic size. Higher still is a circular window, stained with a representation of the arms of the State, and having around it, in rays reaching to the arched roof, the heads of the different cereals, alternating pleasantly with raw cotton. In another portion of the Kansas Department is a collection of the different woods of the State, embracing hundreds of sections. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad exhibits a pyramidal arrangement of shelving showing glasses containing grains and seeds; also a triple-arched window with a cornucopia on each side made of buckwheat seed, from which flow streams of heads of wheat. A glory of rays of cereals alternating with cotton radiates from the windows to the roof. Hanging from the centre of the ceiling in the wing containing the railroad exhibits is an imitation of the Liberty Bell, skillfully constructed of cereals. It is twelve feet high and eight in diameter at the lip. The crack is represented by sprays of buckwheat, and the clapper by a huge squash, attached to a long cucumber gourd. Around the upper rim are the words: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the people thereof"; immediately beneath which is the inscription: "By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in Pennsylvania." Beneath the bell is a handsome bronze fountain. The building contains a reading-room also, in which are copies of the Kansas and Colorado journals on file.

THE "MOHAWK" CATASTROPHE.

WILLIAM T. GARNER, Vice-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, invited a company of ladies and gentlemen to take a sail with him in his famous yacht the *Mohawk*, on Thursday afternoon, July 20th, and at the hour appointed the guests

were conveyed from the Club-house at Stapleton, S. I., to the vessel, then lying off a short distance. Twenty-one persons were on board. The party included Mr. Garner and his wife; Miss Adele Hunter, the daughter of the late Desbrosses Hunter; Miss Edith Sybil May; Colonel Schuyler Crosby; Mr. Louis B. Montant; Mr. Gardiner G. Howland, the sailing-master; Captain Rawlings; nine deckhands; two stewards, and two cooks.

There were a large number of yachts in the offing, and the Club-house was filled with members and invited guests. About four o'clock rain began to fall, and Mr. Garner's party went down into the cabin. The *Mohawk* had all her sails set except the jibtop-sail, and was getting underway for the trip.

The other craft close by hastened to take in sail and prepare for a tempest, and the conduct of the officers of the *Mohawk* attracted notice. Persons on board the *Countess of Dufferin* and at the club-house called each other's attention to the *Mohawk* with all sails up and presenting a full spread of canvas to the gale, which seemed to bear on the water with no particular force, but to course along a slightly elevated region of air with suddenly increasing velocity, just high enough to exert a strong power on the topsails. In a moment the yacht gave a tremendous lurch. Mr. Garner, Mr. Crosby and Mr. Howland rushed on deck to inquire the cause. Seeing the danger, they dashed into the cabin to save the ladies; but before they got out the masts trembled a few seconds, and then the yacht sank, stern first. There was for a very brief time a fearful struggle for life. Launches, fishing-smacks and row-boats hastened to the spot from all directions.

There were drowned, Mr. Garner, Mrs. Garner; Miss Adele Hunter, a lady well-known in New York society; Frost Thorne, the brother of Mrs. Garner; and Peter Sullivan, a cabin boy. The crew of the *Mohawk* seemed paralyzed, and all efforts to get at the drowning persons before life was extinct proved unavailing. Two tugs then attached hawsers to the *Mohawk* and towed the vessel to the flats off New Brighton, where William Carle, a diver, up to a late hour of the night, endeavored to recover the bodies. He found the body of Mrs. Garner, but was unable to extricate it from the wreck of furniture and dislodged chunks of lead used for ballast. Early on Friday morning he again went down, and at seven o'clock brought up Mrs. Garner's body in his arms. It was placed in a boat, and then towed by the launch of the *Mohawk* to the shore. At half-past twelve, Carle brought up the body of the cabin boy, and shortly after he secured those of Mr. Garner and Miss Hunter. On Saturday night the wreck of the *Mohawk* was raised and the body of Mr. Thorne found. Coroner Dempsey ordered the arrest of Captain Rowland, the Sailing Master, and after taking the testimony of a single witness, gave permission for the removal of the bodies.

Mr. Garner was about forty years old. He was a favorite with the members of the New York Yacht Club, and was familiarly known as "Will." He was the owner of the great Harmony calico print-mills at Cohoes, and others, and is estimated to have been worth from \$19,000,000 to \$30,000,000. He was liberal minded, and lavished his money upon his friends with unparing hands. A member of the New York Yacht Club said: "He was one of the most enterprising and keen-sighted business men I ever met, and one of the most genial companions." He was born in Washington Place, and was married several years ago to a Southern girl, Miss Marcelline Thorne. He leaves three young daughters, the oldest of whom is not more than eight years of age. He was one of the extensive manufacturers in this country. In the panic he especially showed that he possessed rare business foresight. While others became crippled he did a steady, thriving trade. He gained this result by following an inflexible rule of buying and selling for cash. By that course he was always ready for an emergency. He was elected a member of the Yacht Club on July 20th, 1871, and to the position of Vice-Commodore last year. He has commanded three yachts—the *Breeze*, the *Magic* and the *Mohawk*.

The *Mohawk* was built in the Spring of 1875. The very best material was employed, and great care and skill was given to her construction. The statistics of the craft are in part as follows: Length over all, 150 feet; length on deck, 144 feet; breadth of beam, 30.04 feet; depth of hold, 9.04 feet; length of centre-board, 20 feet; draft of centre-board, 21 feet; mainmast, 96.05 feet; maintopmast, 60 feet; foremast, 94.09 feet; foretopmast, 55 feet; mainboom, 90 feet; foreboom, 39 feet; bowsprit outboard, 30 feet; jibboom, 24 feet; extreme length bowsprit, 42 feet. She carried a total of 32,235 square yards of canvas. The vessel, it is said, is the largest centreboard yacht in existence.

The main saloon of the yacht is 28 feet square, lighted by skylight 14 by 6 feet, and having standing-room of 7 feet. The walls were constructed in panels, and are adorned with paintings and mirrors. A bookcase and fireplace on one side was neatly arranged before the mainmast, which it thus concealed. Furniture of a very elaborate description in the way of sofas, chairs, a piano and sideboard, adorn the room. There were three state-rooms on the port side, each of them 9 by 7 feet in size, having a bath-room adjoining.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

An Australian Exploring Expedition.

The expedition which forms the subject of an illustration in the present Number was equipped at the expense of the Hon. Thomas Elder, of Adelaide, a member of the Legislative Council of South Australia, and acted under his direction. The party consisted of four white men, one Afghan camel-driver, and one aboriginal of Australia, with nineteen camels, and with eight months' provisions. They started on May 6th, 1875, from Belmeta, on the Overland Telegraph line. After passing through a few miles of good country, they entered the dense scrub, and were four months in a land overgrown with spinifex (tridonia), among high sand-hills. They arrived in Perth on November 18th, having been 196 days from Belmeta, and 77 days from the boundary line. The entire distance traveled by the expedition was 2,574 miles, extending over 23 deg. of longitude and 6 deg. of latitude. During the trip the thermometer heat ranged between 26 deg. and 111 deg. Fahrenheit, truly a wonderful variation. Though the results are not profitable so far as commerce is concerned, they are of great value to the sciences of geography, botany and geology, the entire route having been thoroughly surveyed.

The Funeral of the Late Sultan of Turkey.

Despite the miserable ending of the late Sultan, his funeral was performed with the greatest pomp. The medical inquest having taken place, on the afternoon of June 4th, the mortal remains of the unfortunate Sultan were conveyed to the sanctuary of Top-Capou, where is

kept the sacred mantle of the Prophet. The ministers, the ulemas (doctors of law), the military staff, together with a crowd of officials, met at Top-Capou to assist at the religious ceremony. The funeral procession, which left Top-Capou for the mausoleum of the Sultan Mahmoud, consisted of a detachment of soldiers with reversed arms, preceded by a band, and followed by the generals of brigade, the Ministers of Public Works, of Commerce, Finance, Foreign Affairs, and of the Marine. Hussein-Avni Pasha, the Grand Vizier Mehemed, Ruchdi Pasha, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam, went before the coffin. The coffin itself was carried by ten old servants of the palace, who, according to custom, bore the weight upon their hands and not upon their shoulders. As the funeral passed along, two footmen of the palace threw handfuls of money to the crowd. Arrived at the mausoleum, the remains of Abdul-Aziz were placed beside those of his father.

Gun Drill and Prayers on a Turkish Ironclad.

The great hobby of the late Sultan Abdul-Aziz was his iron clad fleet, and it was in this that so much of the borrowed money was expended, each vessel by the time it reached the Golden Horn being estimated to cost a million sterling. In addition the Sultan had an extensive arsenal manned by English and Scotch engineers. Our sketches were taken on board the *Messoudieh*, the latest purchase of Abdul-Aziz, and which only arrived in the Bosphorus three months before his deposition, being navigated from England by Turkish sailors who had been dispatched from Constantinople for that purpose. One of them represents loading the gun with shot, which is hung on traversing gear on a rail which passes before the muzzle of the gun. When prayers are held on a scale otherwise than the usual five times a day, a venerable Imam comes on board to lead them in their devotions. A service of this nature is represented in another engraving.

A Public Investiture at Singapore.

On May 10th there was high holiday held in Singapore, the occasion being the investiture of Mr. Whampoa (Hooah Kay) as Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The ceremony was held in the Town Hall before a large and influential assembly. The Governor, Sir W. Jervis presided, and, after addressing some very complimentary remarks to the gratified recipient of the honor, he pinned the medal of the Order on the latter's breast. A large number of the most prominent residents attended the ceremony.

Turkish Infantry on the March.

The Turkish soldiery are taken from the Mohammedan portion of the Ottoman population, although the officers are occasionally Christians and foreigners, one of the Bash-Bazouks being the brother of the editor of one of the leading London journals. The total war-strength of the Turkish army is about 600,000, the recruits being either volunteers or selected by lot. Their term of service is twenty years—viz.: Four years in active service, six in the reserve, or Redif, and finally ten in the Landsturm. The Turkish private, as a rule, is brave, obedient and patient, having to undergo the privations which would rapidly drive men of another nation and religion to mutiny. Their pay is frequently many months in arrear, and their food is none of the best; but nevertheless they fight well, and wreak their vengeance not upon their superiors, but upon their adversaries, sparing neither age nor sex when once victorious. They are clothed in a Zouave-like uniform, copied from the French, only surmounted by the universal fez, and are fairly soldier-like in appearance. Their bands, as a rule, are excellent, one of their chief instruments being the cluster of bells shown in our sketch.

A Poor Children's Flower Show in London.

A collection of flowers and plants cultivated by the poorer children of Brompton, England, chiefly in the window-sills of their humble homes, was exhibited, June 22d, in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, South Kensington. The children were admitted to compete without the slightest reference to religious distinction, flowers having been sent and prizes won by Episcopalians, Dissenters, and Roman Catholics. The pots, which were arranged along the arcade, including fuchsias, geraniums, musks, creeping jennies, ferns, etc. The bronze medal—the first prize—was awarded to a little boy of delicate health named Hunt, for a fuchsia which would have obtained a good place in any exhibition; and the general character of the show, taking into consideration the circumstances under which the flowers had been cultivated and the youth of the horticulturists, was highly creditable.

The London Four-in-Hand Club.

On June 21st fifteen drags of the London Four-in-hand Club drove to Alexandra Palace. On the drag of the president—the Duke of Beaufort—the Prince of Wales was seated. Arriving at the Palace grounds, a spacious marquee tent was found prepared with a sumptuous repast for eighty guests. The party comprised, as may be imagined, the most brilliant representatives of London's elegant and fashionable society.

VAGARIES OF THE HOUR.

THE English tract distributors are early birds. One was recently arrested in Lambeth for disturbing the inhabitants by knocking at their doors at three o'clock in the morning.

THE Bank of England clips every light sovereign that it receives. The weighing is done very quickly, 3,000 an hour being weighed by one machine. In 1875 the bank weighed £22,100,000 worth of coin, and rejected £840,000.

QUITE an excitement was created in Nashville a few days ago by the appearance of an uncommonly seedy couple in a drygoods store. The woman ordered a large amount of "fixings," for which the man paid. She then asked a clerk to go after a parson, and upon his arrival the rustics were married, amid a pile of muslins, calicoes and linen goods, with a grinning group of passers-by for witnesses.

THE following advertisement recently appeared in a Paris paper: "Madame X. X. permits herself to say that she has the skin white to pearl, full health, the cheek of roses, face of sweet expression, blue eyes, black hair, figure coquette; therefore is full of health. She will be vaccinated next Tuesday, and in as short a time as possible the lymph of her arm will be ready for the vaccination of anybody desiring to possess all these mentioned charms. For terms, apply," etc.

THE general reduction of wages is having its effect on cooks and chambermaids. A good woman-cook who formerly commanded \$20 a month now gladly engages for \$15, and chambermaids, who of late years have been paid \$12, now readily take \$10. Nursery girls can be had for from \$6 to \$8. Many families have reduced the number of their servants, and some who formerly employed only one now do their own work. Male servants have suffered heavier reductions than women, as being less essential. Discharged coachmen are driving hacks and cabs, and footmen have become hotel and restaurant waiters.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—The number of newspaper correspondents at the Exhibition is diminishing.

—Some of the best prized canines in the country are entered for the bench show of dogs which is to begin on the 10th of August.

—The annual meeting of the American Forestry Association is to be held in Philadelphia during the week commencing September 10th.

—Most conspicuous among the exhibits of Mohammedan Turkey are bibles, crucifixes and religious articles made of wood from the Holy Land.

—Scores of persons of prominence and good judgment speak in favor of making the excellent display in the Government building permanent.

—The special butter and cheese display comprised 23,500 pounds exhibited by Canadians, and 20,000 pounds by manufacturers from the United States.

—In the Art Gallery, if trouble does not arise from the cane-pointing, umbrella-poking vandal, it is sure to spring from the pencil-scribbling sloth, which is just as bad.

—A BUILDING for the display of the apparatus used in the United States Life-saving Stations has been erected on the banks of the lake, and is a part of the Government exhibit.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, with its usual long-headed enterprise, has started a line of steam-cars between Sixteenth and Market Streets and the Exhibition grounds.

—A RAZAAR rivaling that of the Japanese in extent might be started with the miscellaneous articles found on the grounds and stowed away in trunks at the police headquarters, awaiting owners.

—For the last month a daily average of about thirty-five persons have become sick on the grounds and been treated at the medical department. Most of the cases were caused by heat or indigestion diet.

—The monument to Columbus, to be erected in the Park by the Christopher Columbus Monument Association, will be dedicated on the 12th of next October, the 384th anniversary of the discovery of America.

—LAST week a wagon-gate had to be opened for the admission of another lady whose circumference made it as impossible for her to gain entrance in the ordinary manner as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

—COLONEL CLAY, Chief of the Centennial Guard, says that the value of all the goods thus far stolen from the Exhibition does not exceed \$1,000; and that far more than that was stolen from the Vienna Exhibition on its opening day.

—THE live-stock display, which is to begin on the 1st of September, will comprise 5,000 head, exclusive of poultry. Among the animals entered is a steer weighing 6,000 pounds, and a mule 2½ hands high and weighing 1,600 pounds. Both these animals are Tennesseans.

—THE Pennsylvania Museum of Industrial Art, has purchased a greater number of articles than any other organization or individual. All articles purchased are labelled with the name of the purchaser, and after the Exhibition will be removed to Memorial Hall, where they are to remain permanently.

—THE exhibit of Messrs. William A. Brown & Co., of umbrellas and parasols is the finest display of such articles in the Exposition. This firm has a house in both Philadelphia and New York, and it presents itself before an approving public in three several displays. The largest is in the Main Building. One in Agricultural Hall makes a specialty of sunshades, and similar devices useful to farmers and others using horses. And a third one is in Machinery Hall.

—U. S. COMMISSIONER ATWOOD, of Wisconsin, has secured what, in all probability, is the veritable gold watch with which the unfortunate Major André attempted to bribe his three intrepid captors. It was sent to Mr. Atwood as a curiosity for the Centennial, by Mrs. Miranda Calkins, of Hebron, Wis., in whose possession it has been for the last twenty-five years, she having received it from a person who purchased it from a pawnbroker in Philadelphia. Evidently it had been intrusted to the latter by an English gentleman whom André, shortly after his capture, made its custodian, with instructions to convey it to his family in England. It still keeps correct time. The inner case bears, above the keyhole, the inscription: "Wind up to the right—turn the hands—Thomas Campbell, Albany." Below the keyhole is engraved: "John André, 1774."

CONGRESSIONAL.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

MONDAY, July 17th.—SENATE.—In the impeachment trial an adjournment was taken to Wednesday.... The River and Harbor Bill taken up on motion to recommit Bill, with instructions to report another reducing appropriations to \$4,000,000, and debate continued to close of session. HOUSE.—Bill introduced to appropriate \$100,000 towards completion of Washington's monument; to erect statue of General Custer in Washington; to make the standard silver dollar a full legal tender; and to grant pensions to heirs of officers and men killed in Custer's fight.... Bill to remove political disabilities of General Beauregard passed.

TUESDAY, July 18th.—SENATE.—It was ordered that the Special Committee on Chinese immigration be a joint one.... Debate on River and Harbor Bill resumed.... President pro tem appointed a new Committee on Conference on the Consular and Diplomatic Bill. HOUSE.—In Committee of the Whole, Bill to protect Texas frontier taken up, but no definite action was reached.

WEDNESDAY, July 19th.—SENATE.—Mr. John Evans appearing, the impeachment proceedings were resumed, and he was examined at length.... Conference Committee on Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill submitted report which was agreed to. HOUSE.—Senate Bill extending duration of the Court of Alabama Claims until June 1st, 1877, was passed.... In the South Carolina contested election case the committee reported that neither the sitting member nor the contestant is entitled to the seat, and the report was agreed to.... Conference report on Army Appropriation Bill was submitted and agreed to.

THURSDAY, July 20th.—SENATE.—Resolution agreed to requesting President to furnish information about the South Carolina massacre.... House Bill further extending time of temporary provision for expenditures of the Government to July 31st, was concurred in. HOUSE.—The second section of the Bill for the protection of the Texas frontier was defeated, and the Bill then passed.... Conference report on Sundry Civil Bill made out and agreed to.

FRIDAY, July 21st.—SENATE.—Impeachment proceedings adjourned to Monday.... River and Harbor Bill again taken up, on motion to recommit, and pending discussion Senate adjourned. HOUSE.—A number of private Bills were presented and acted upon, and House adjourned to Monday.

SATURDAY, July 22d.—SENATE.—All the proposed substitutes for the River and Harbor Bill were voted down.... House Bill to complete Washington Monument passed.

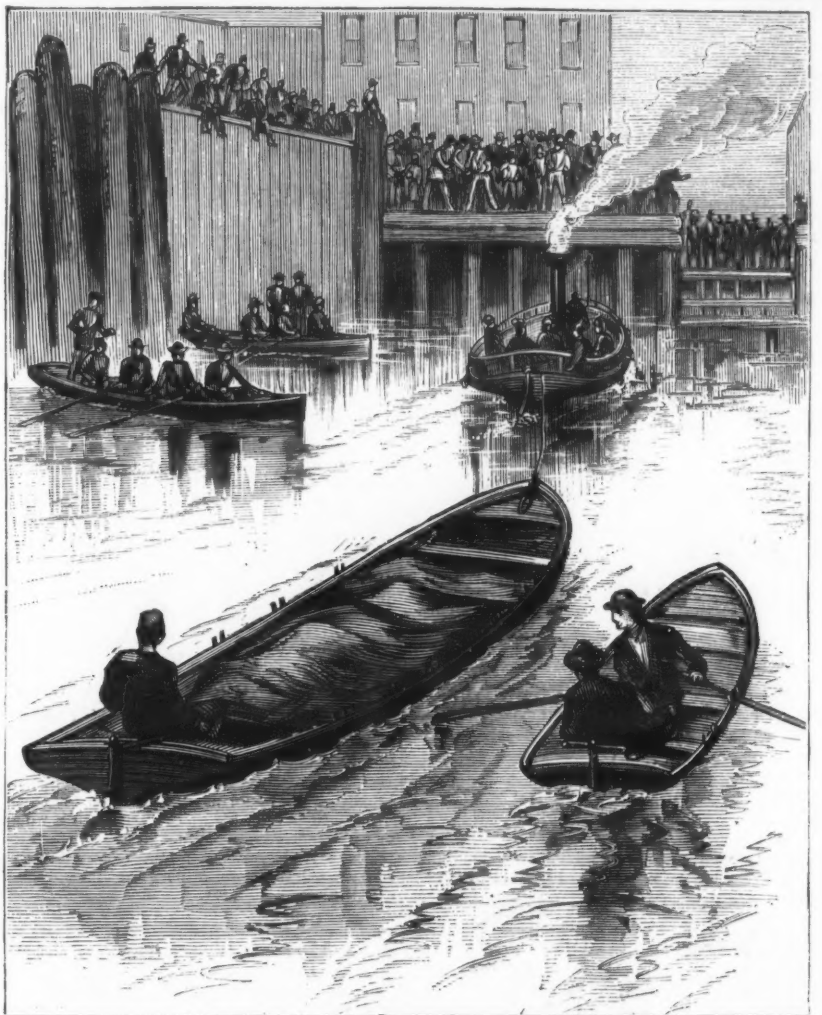


1. Off to the Lake. 2. An Undecided Preference. 3. The Starting Signal. 4. The Finish. 5. Congratulations. 6. The Winner of the Single-scul Race. 7. Enthusiastic Cornell. 8. The Hon. W. M. Everts awarding Prizes.

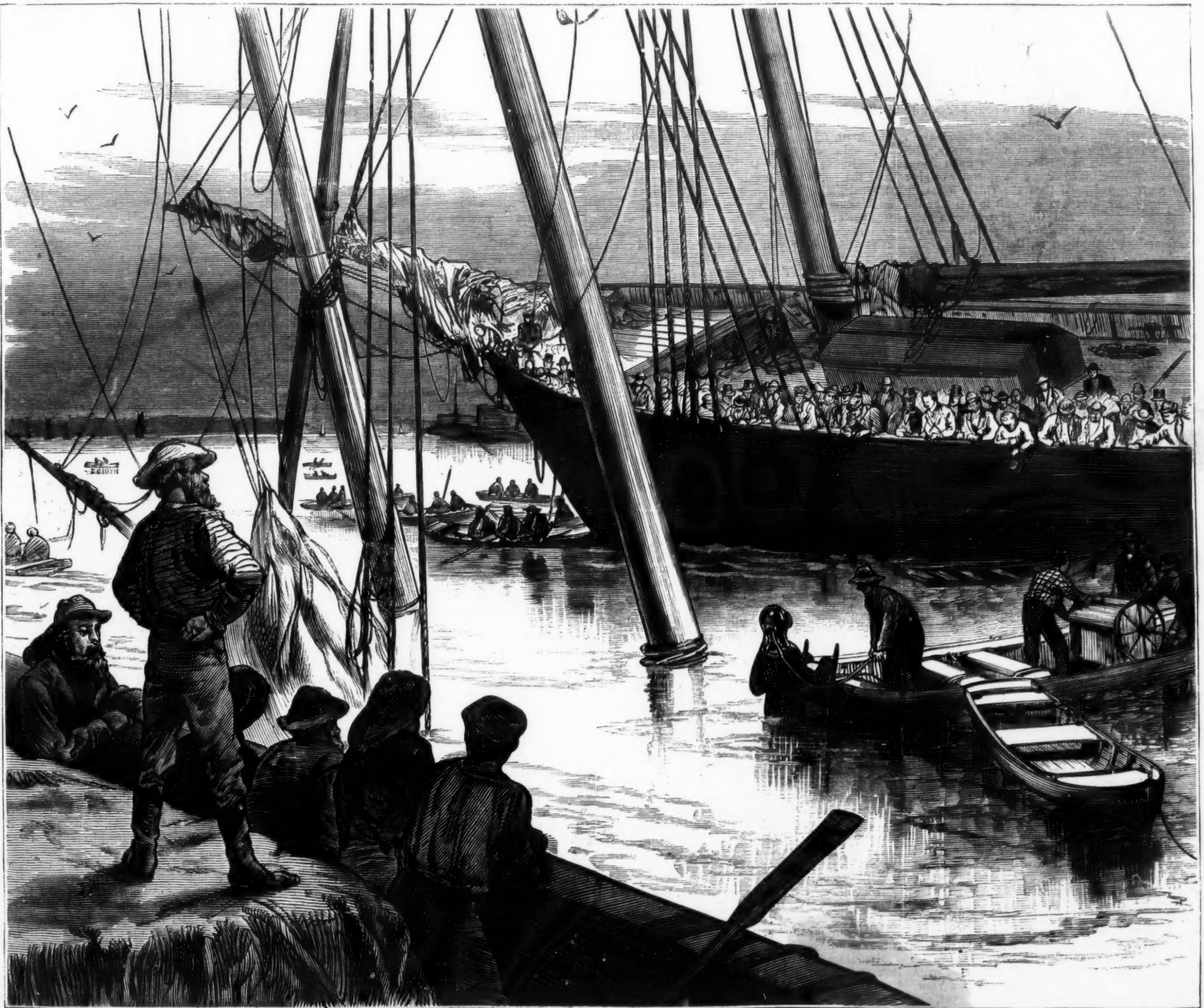
NEW YORK.—THE TRIUMPH OF CORNELL AT THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA ON SARATOGA LAKE, JULY 19TH.—SEE PAGE 363.



THE LATE WILLIAM T. GARNER, OWNER OF THE YACHT "MOHAWK."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.



THE RECOVERED BODIES BEING TOWED TO THE SHORE BY THE STEAM LAUNCH OF THE "MOHAWK."



THE SCENE AT THE WRECK OFF CONSTABLE'S POINT, KILL VON KULL—THE DIVER PREPARING TO SEARCH FOR THE BODIES.
NEW YORK—THE "MOHAWK" CATASTROPHE—LOSS OF THE SCHOONER YACHT "MOHAWK" BY CAPSIZING IN A SQUALL OFF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB-HOUSE, STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND, JULY 20TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 359.

LOTOS-LAND.

BY
ROSE TERRY.

O LAND beloved! O land unknown!
By what blue Rhine or rapid Rhone,
Or any river man hath known,
Shall I arrive at thee?
Or by what mighty, trackless seas,
Where the unwaried northern breeze
From dumb and frozen cavern flees
Triumphant, to be free?

Or by what desert, red and vast,
Breaking the fervid tropic blast,
Shall my too lingering steps at last
Attain to thy sweet shore?
O plains serene! O rivers roiled
Like babbling dreams o'er sands of gold.
Like birds that do your pinions fold,
And, singing, cease to soar!

Skies, where such slumberous mists are shed,
The heart forgets it ever bled,
And sleep lies on the lonely head,
Forgetting and forgot.
There nothing has been, or shall be,
But all things are, eternally,
The tired soul may not think nor see,
Such quiet rules the spot.

For there is neither hope nor fear,
No hated thing, nor nothing dear,
Nor any troubled atmosphere,
Nor anything but rest.
Such utter sleep, such thoughtlessness
As might a mortal life redress,
And set aside its deadly stress,
From even a woman's breast.

O land, dear land! sweet-voiced shore,
That no man's footsteps may explore,
Nor any but a fool deplore,
Yet would I slept in thee!
The jester tires of cap and bells,
The disenchanting laughs at spells,
The past all future lives foretells,
Dear land, come true to me!

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY
ETTA W. PIERCE,AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD
OF BENEDEK," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—AT HAZEL HALL.

A CLOUDLESS blue sky overhead, rich valleys and patches of woodland, orchards, hop-grounds, and fertile meadows on all sides—Kentish lanes, deep-banked and leaf-shadowed, and the carriage turns through a lodge-gate—the very sort which Dolly has met in her English novels—rolls along a smooth drive under oak and Spanish chestnut-trees, and stops at the entrance-door of Hazel Hall.

Dolly catches one glimpse of a gray house, with gables and twisted chimneys rising against a margin of green trees—of park-palings, behind which velvet-brown deer browse—of a balustrade, with a gold and green peacock drowsing upon it—of gardens, flitting over low walls a splendor of pink and purple bloom, and then she enters a stately hall, where a row of servants wait to welcome the returned travelers, and Guy Hazelwood's voice cries in her ear, "Welcome to Hazel Hall—to the birthplace of your ancestors, Dolly!"

His blue eyes shine down upon her. Mrs. Hazelwood smiles, and adds, "When I left the old place to visit Quebec, I little thought to bring a daughter of the house back with me, my dear." And there Dolly stands, an honored guest under the roof where her father once wooed Ruth Carew—in the stately Kentish house which should have been that father's heritage.

Mrs. Hazelwood and her son pass along the line of servants, with a kind word for each and all. One person in the row arrests and holds Dolly's attention at once—principally because she sees Guy Hazelwood single him out from his fellows, and beckon him to draw near.

He is a middle-aged man, with a wisp of ginger-colored hair brushed round either ear, a bare, polished crown, and a look at once grim and tenacious. His dress is of a rusty black. He carries himself like a ramrod. It seems far easier to break his back than to bend it. All Dolly's senses are preternaturally sharp with excitement, and without intending to listen she hears Guy Hazelwood say:

"How is your patient to-day, Haddon?"

"Comfortable, sir," replies Haddon, in a low voice.

"There has been no change, then, since you wrote me?"

"Only for the better, sir."

"I wish to speak with you privately by-and-by."

"Yes, sir."

The housekeeper shows Dolly to her room—a chamber equal to any dream which she has dreamed of the place. The floor is black and polished, with a great island of rich carpet in the centre. The mullioned windows are smothered in blooming vines. The bed is surmounted by a great canopy, like a throne. The toilet-table is a curiously carved, and has claw-feet of polished brass, and there is a Venetian mirror framed in brass and tortoise-shell, in which the faces of many a generation of Hazelwoods have been shadowed. Dolly wonders if their ghosts never flit across it still in solemn midnight.

The dressing-bell rings—dinner will be served in an hour. Dolly makes her toilet before that same funny old glass. She can hardly realize, even now, that she is in Kent—that the waving park seen yonder through the window, the hop-clusters on the slopes, the green lawns, the sheets of ornamental water shining through the trees, the long terraces, are Hazel Hall, the birthplace of a host of dead-and-gone Hazelwoods, and the Mecca of all her girlish dreams. She must write to Aunt Prue, she thinks, far away in Sea View, and tell her about it before sleeping. As yet, she has sent but one message across the sea, and that a brief one, simply informing Miss Prue of her safe arrival in England. She leans back in her easy-chair, with her rich dinner-dress falling about

her, and white hands clasped on her lap—hands that Mrs. Hazelwood has already covered with costly rings—and looks out on the glorious English day in a sort of speechless delight. There is a strange unreality about it all. She shuts her big brown eyes, and fancies that she must open them on the parsonage wall at Sea View—fancies that she can hear the ripple of small waves on the old beach; and Stephen North's quick step along the walk, paved with cobblestones. And then her white lids fly open, and lo! there are the mullioned windows and the rich English landscape beyond—she is not asleep, but awake—awake to a new life, in a new land; and a prophetic voice in her heart whispers that wonderful things await her here. Perhaps this first dreamy, delicious hour at Hazel Hall is the very happiest that Dolly will ever know in England.

She met Guy Hazelwood on the stair as she descended to dinner. He looked down on her with his smiling eyes.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" he asked. "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me," laughed Dolly, "but it's quite impossible. I am overwhelmed with your English grandeur. People born and bred in a place like this ought to be above the sins and follies of ordinary mortals."

"May you like the Hall so well that you will never wish to leave it?" he said, in a low voice. "Look out for this slippery oak stair—only a practiced foot can descend it swiftly. We shall fill the house with guests in a few days—you must be brought out, my mother says—you must have a place in our Vanity Fair, an opportunity to drive our Kentish belles mad with envy. How does such a prospect strike your vivacious American mind?"

"Most favorably."

He laughed outright.

"I see. You know that you can hold your own with any of your sex—my mother knows it, too—otherwise she would never venture on the experiment. In spite of her quiet ways she is a woman of vast penetration, is my mother;" and then they joined Mrs. Hazelwood at the foot of the stair, and the trio sat down in the great dining-room to eat, drink, and be merry.

He seemed glad to be back under his own roof once more—Guy Hazelwood. His mother, who knew all the secrets of his life, watched him closely. The long wanderings of this, her only son, had been a sore cross to her. Was he ready now to abandon his tireless roving? Had he quite forgotten the past, and the wild wife from whom both the Divorce Court and the incontestable decision of death had now freed him? With the red-gold hair parted in the middle of his forehead, with his sleepy blue eyes and handsome, insouciant face, Guy Hazelwood looked as free from care and bitterness this night as a boy.

"Thank heaven!" thought his mother, "the shadow of that one frightful mistake is lifting from his life, at last!"

When dinner was over the three went off to view the house. Through endless rooms they wandered, inspecting curious carvings, old hangings, old pictures. In a narrow gallery, lighted by a stained-glass window, Dolly stopped suddenly before the portrait of a man, handsome, young and debonair, with hair deeply, darkly red, eyes blue and insincere, mouth sensuous but beautiful. It was one of those pictures in which the eyes seem to follow you, and the face to change its expression as you look. A ray of light from the window fell upon it gloriously.

"Who is this?" said Dorothy. "He has, I observe, the fiery looks of the Hazelwoods."

Guy was standing close beside her.

"Do you not know?" he asked, gravely.

"Surely not. He is like you, except that your hair has been toned down somewhat, in tint, while his retains the pristine red of the race."

"Don't sneer at our hair, my dear child; it has been in the family for more than three hundred years—it demands reverence of you, not scorn. This portrait is, I have heard, a very fair representation of your father, Cyril Hazelwood. It was taken a year or two before his departure from England, while he was in Dublin with his regiment."

She stood motionless—breathless. Her father! The being whom she had never known and never would know—he who had deserted her mother and herself alike. A strange shock went over Dolly, as her eyes sought the blue ones on the canvas. What a careless, handsome face it was! In it she saw her own features dimly mirrored. She shrank back a little.

"What a strange picture!" she murmured. "It is like something alive. I feel as if he were coming out of the canvas to clutch me! I cannot bear to look at him."

"And is this your first glimpse of your father, my dear?" said Mrs. Hazelwood, in a low and sympathetic voice.

"The very first. There was no portrait of him at Sea View."

After wavering a moment over tarnished frames and canvases, the ray of light from the stained-glass window settled its glow full on the brow and lips of Cyril Hazelwood—touched his handsome face with a strange sweetness.

"Look!" cried Guy, in a deep, impressive voice, "he is smiling, Dolly! it is your father's greeting to you in his own birthplace!"

Dolly did not answer. With her hand on the mahogany railing of the gallery, she stood and watched the picture in mute fascination. Presently a door at the far end of the passage opened, and a figure advanced towards the trio. It was the manservant with the ginger-colored hair and stiff back—Haddon.

He neither looked at Guy nor Dolly, but walked straight up to Mrs. Hazelwood.

"My lady," he said, in the guarded voice which seemed habitual to him, "my patient is awake, and is asking for you."

Mrs. Hazelwood gave one quick, apprehensive look at her son, then turned without a word and left the gallery, Haddon following.

"What," said Dolly, diverted for the moment from all thoughts of the portrait, "is any one ill in the house?"

A burning crimson overswept Guy Hazelwood's blonde face.

"Yes," he answered, in an odd, constrained voice. "A friend of my mother's—a confirmed invalid whose home is with us here."

"Indeed!"

He looked unspeakably annoyed.

"Even at the risk of appearing mysterious, perhaps I had better tell you that it is a person of whom we never speak—one afflicted with a terrible and hopeless disease—one who cannot bear the sight of strangers. Pray do not mention the subject to my mother, or allow her to see that you noticed Haddon."

He seemed waiting for an answer, therefore Dolly made haste to say, "Certainly not."

"The invalid is very dear to her, and she tries as far as possible to keep the matter a secret in the house, and out of it. Don't look as if you had stumbled upon the Mysteries of Udolpho, my dear cousin; it is simply the same business which hurried me away from New York. The invalid was very ill at that time—ill unto death, it was feared. Come, there is something ghostly in this place, hung with the faces of dead and buried people—let us get back to a live room again." He had carefully refrained from mentioning the sex of the patient.

They descended to the drawing-room. Light still lingered in the western sky, and smote the terrace outside the long windows with golden glory. Somewhat thoughtful and silent after the little episode in the gallery, Dolly leaned against the mullioned casement and gazed out into the fading day.

"Where is Dane Priory?" she asked, abruptly, "the residence of that Lady Dane whom we saw at the Princess Theatre?"

"A short drive away," answered Guy; "its lands adjoin those of the Hall. Do you wish to see it?"

Her brown eyes flashed.

"I do, indeed!"

"Then, suppose I order the pony-carriage and give you a view of its lion-guarded portals, closed, you know, against all who bear the Hazelwood name? We can return before my mother is ready to join us."

"Delightful!" cried Dolly.

The order was given; Guy rang for Johnson to bring the young girl's wraps, and the two rode off down the darkening avenue, and out into the highway, with the horses' heads turned towards Dane Priory.

The road wound by deep green hedgerows and lovely lanes, and past many a stretch of fertile Hazelwood land, for which the "yeomen of Kent" paid "yearly rent." Presently an ivied wall, surmounted by waving trees, came in sight, then a grand lodge-gate, guarded by two couchant lions. Dorothy looked and saw in the twilight a dark red tower rising dimly from out a wilderness of verdure—nothing more.

"That is Dane Priory," said Guy, curbing his horses. "Look, Dolly. Good Queen Bess, of virgin memory, once slept there—where *didn't* that amazing creature sleep, I wonder? The Danes are as old as the Magna Charta. In comparison with them, we are as mushrooms—creatures of a day."

As they rolled slowly past the stately entrance, Dolly peered out at it breathlessly—she clinched her gloved hands; her face was pale and set.

"Truly," she said, in a hard, bitter voice, "Lady Dane's lines are cast in pleasant places. Only a shrewd woman could have done so well for herself. And that is her home? How I hate her—oh, how I hate her to-night!"

The last words seemed to slip from her lips involuntarily. Guy opened his blue eyes wide.

"You hate Lady Dane?—you? Why, my dear child, what do you know of her?"

"That is my secret," answered Dolly, with a faint, odd laugh, "and I cannot surrender it just yet. But I do hate her with all my heart, and I have good reasons for so doing. There! I, too, can be mysterious, you see. That is enough—let us go back. I have now seen both her ladyship and the grand house which shelters her—I am satisfied."

They rode back to Hazel Hall, to find Mrs. Hazelwood sitting placidly under the drawing-room wax-lights reading a book. There was nothing in her appearance to indicate that she had come from the bedside of a dear sick friend. Her face was smiling and happy. She begged Dolly to sing some old Scotch ballads of her own choosing, praised the girl's fresh young voice, and declared that she must have teachers from London at once. Then Dolly played chess with Guy Hazelwood, tea was served, and presently the bedroom candles were brought in, and the evening was over.

"Sweet be your first dreams at Hazel Hall," said Guy, smiling, as he bade Dolly good-night. "Unlike the ancestral home of romance, this house has no ghost with which to disturb your rest."

"No ghost! Fie! I am sadly disappointed. We are far more plebeian than I supposed. All families of pretension have a spectre," and she took her candle and departed up the stair.

Left alone with her son, Mrs. Hazelwood crossed to the mantel, against which he lolled carelessly, and laid a hand on his arm, and looked up into his blonde, insouciant face.

"Guy, you will not leave the Hall again? You will now stay contentedly in England, will you not?"

"And begin the sober, careful life of a landed proprietor? Yes, mother."

"You know the wish that lies next my heart, Guy. You are nearly thirty years old. You ought to marry, and at once. I have invited a party of friends to join us at the Hall—principally for Dolly's sake—and among others, Lady Evelyn Radstock—poor, dear Lady Evelyn! You remember her, Guy? She is still a widow."

"Is it possible?" answered Guy, in a voice of deep commiseration. "Hasn't the late lamented Sir John a successor yet? How matrimony does hang fire, to be sure, with that sort of woman! Oh, yes, I remember her. And who are your other prospective guests?"

"I will show you the list to-morrow. You and I are fully agreed, Guy, that we ought to do our utmost for Dolly. She must not leave England—she must not go back to that Yankee town from which we rescued her."

"Upon that point, my dear mother, your sentiments and mine are one."

"With her face and style, it will be an easy matter to secure her a good settlement here."

"Not a doubt of it."

"I have asked Sir Philip Bellamy to the Hall, Guy."

"Sir Philip!" a gleam shot into Guy's sleepy eyes; "my dear match-making mother! So you have already disposed of us both—your son to the fat widow, and Dolly to the old dried-up baronet. How good of you!" and, with a wicked smile he bade her good-night.

Mrs. Hazelwood retreated to her dressing-room, where her English maid Johnson was awaiting her. She sank into a comfortable armchair in the blaze of the wax-lights, and meditated silently.

"Bring me a dressing-gown, Johnson," she called, at last. "There is something I wish to say to you. You have a sister, have you not?—a sewing-woman in London?"

Johnson brought the gown. She was a clean, large-framed Kentish woman, who had served her present mistress for a long, faithful decade.

"Yes, my lady," she answered, and a clever, industrious young woman she is, though I say it as shouldn't. She works for stage-people mostly—actresses, whose fancy-dresses she does most beautiful. But Brompton air, and a house as damp as the grave to which we journey, are not good for a weak chest, which Sarah has from the cradle up."

"You once asked me to find a place for her here at the Hall, Johnson."

"Yes, my lady, but you were going to the Baden baths at the time, and the house was to be closed."

"I remember. Well, there is a situation open to her now if she will take it. I want a seamstress immediately. You have been with me ten years, Johnson, and I know that I can trust you. If you will vouch for Sarah's honesty and good conduct, she may leave Brompton, and come to me at once."

Johnson ceased taking the pins from her mistress's hair, and threw up her hands in delight.

"Indeed, I will do that, ma'am. If Sarah wasn't both faithful and good, it wouldn't be me that would recommend her, though she was my sister twice over."

"Then go up to London in the morning, and bring her back with you. That will do—I shall not want any more to-night."

And all unconscious of the rod she had put in pickle, Mrs. Hazelwood, with a kind little nod, dismissed the subject and her maid together.

Meanwhile at the window of a neighboring chamber Dolly sat gazing out into the still starlit night, buried in thought, which was half pleasure and half-pain. What a grand place it was—this Hazel Hall! It took by storm her imagination and her heart alike. Could she ever, ever go back to Sea View? A demon of ambition awoke in her heart. She thirsted for wealth, splendor, ease, the merry-go-round of Vanity Fair. In this house she was a honored guest, indeed, yet only a guest. The dress she wore, the jewels flashing on her hands, were the gifts of Mrs. Hazelwood. True, if her father had been rightfully treated, she might have been heiress of all these Kentish lands herself; but this thought did not soften the facts as they now stood. How long would Dolly, with her pride and ambition, her beauty and her brains, be content with her present position?

The Spanish chestnut-trees waved dark against the window, the house was hushed and silent. She could not sleep—it seemed to her that she would never sleep again. The thought of Lady Dane at the grand Priory—of the father who had been her prospective of this noble manor—and suddenly she was seized with an overwhelming desire to look again upon Cyril Hazelwood's portrait. She took up her candle, and glided noiselessly away to the picture-gallery. How strangely the eyes of the dead-and-gone Hazelwoods stared down upon her, as she passed under them, with her long dinner-dress rustling behind her, and the light slanting on her creamy face and silky red hair. She came to the corner where the portrait hung, and lifted her candle and looked at it. Some master-hand had limned the face. The careless lips seemed about to speak; the blue eyes met her own like living eyes, her heart beat quick and fast. The daughter scanned the pictured lineaments of the father whom she had never known, with an eager yet shrinking gaze.

"My father!" murmured Dolly; "this is really my father! Strange that I should have to come three thousand miles to catch my first glimpse of his face—a weak face, indeed, but not a cruel one. A man like this could never forsake a bride of a few weeks and break her heart without feeling sorrow and remorse for the deed."

A draft of air sighed suddenly along the gallery and extinguished Dolly's candle. One instant the portrait of Cyril Hazelwood seemed starting towards her from its frame—the next she stood in profound darkness. Somewhere near at hand she heard a deep, low groan.

Dolly was not a timid or a superstitious person, but for a moment the blood ran cold in her veins. She listened and heard the same sound again. As, quaking with fear, she fled along the gallery, she came in contact with a door—the very one by which Haddon had entered the place to summon Mrs. Hazelwood to her sick friend. It was ajar. Hardly knowing what she did, Dolly pushed it back, and found herself in a long passage leading to the southern wing of the house.

At its far end a bright light streamed from an open chamber—a handsome, luxurious room, as she could see, even at that distance. She heard footsteps approaching, Dolly did not care to be found prowling about Hazel Hall at that hour, and seeing a window at hand, she slipped behind its curtain, just as a man appeared moving towards her from the lighted chamber.

He was trundling before him a low chair upon wheels, which made no sound along the deep carpet. One glance sufficed to show Dolly the ginger locks and the grim face of the man Haddon. But the chair! What was in that? A strange contorted shape, wrapped about with the scarlet-lined skins of Canadian wolves, yes, buried in tawny

fur, with two coats of fire—or were they human eyes?—alone visible from the midst of it. On one of the cushioned arms of the chair rested a hand, bloodless, and thin as a bird's claw; but the head, the face, the outline of the body were all concealed in that mass of wolf-skins.

Haddon advanced about half the length of the gallery, and as he turned to wheel his charge back to the open chamber, Dolly heard again the groan which had frightened her in the gallery. It came from the thing in the chair. Haddon leaned over it soothingly.

"Now this eases you a little?" Dolly heard him say, his gruff voice assuming a gentle, coaxing tone. "Now don't it? You'll be able to sleep directly. So we go, up and down—up and down—Lord have mercy upon us!"

For full ten minutes he trundled the chair backward and forward, and Dolly from her window watched that shapeless, motionless heap of fur, with the coils of fire burning in its depth. Then the little wheels rolled across the threshold of the open room, she heard the closing of a door, the light vanished, and all was still.

Dolly returned noiselessly to the gallery, and from thence made her way back to her own chamber. So Haddon was the person who attended Mrs. Hazelwood's sick friend; and that thing in the chair, with the claw-hand and burning eyes, was the invalid whose presence in the house Guy and his mother wished to keep a secret? Dolly was startled and shocked. Guy Hazelwood had said there was no ghost at Hazel Hall; but as she disrobed before the old Venetian glass, and recalled the sight she had seen in the gallery, Dolly thought differently.

(To be continued.)

THE WELLESLEY FETES.

A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT NEAR BOSTON, MASS.

WHEN the authorities of Massachusetts and Boston had completed their programme commemorative of the Bunker Hill Centennial, in 1875, including special courtesies to ladies and gentlemen from the South, Mr. William Emerson Baker took the guests in charge, and gave them such a frolicsome holiday on his vast estate at Wellesley as they had never before enjoyed. Later in the year he made a tour of the Southern States and distributed many bountiful souvenirs of that great region. While so traveling he learned the intention of various military organizations to visit Philadelphia on the Fourth of July of this year to parade with the Centennial Legion, and he invited the members to pass a week with him, promising all the fun that human nature could endure. Accordingly, after the celebration on the Centennial Grounds, the company started for Boston, and were formally received in Faneuil Hall on Saturday, July 8th. The organization comprised the Clinch Rifles, of Augusta, Ga.; the Independent Light Infantry, of Fayetteville, N. C.; the Artillery Blues, of Norfolk, Va.; the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C.; and the Old Guard, of New York city. Including the ladies, there were 200 persons in the party.

A special train conveyed Mr. Baker's guests to Wellesley, a beautiful place on St. Charles River, and about fifteen miles from Boston. A camp was established on the farm, which embraces 830 acres, and religious services were conducted on Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Murray, of Adirondack fame.

The real trouble of the occasion began on Monday, with the first appearance of the Racket Club, which was organized on the Saturday previous, and had fifty members. They were armed by their worthy host with two hundred patent rattles, which were laid away in his attic against this very "time of need." Thus equipped, the mischievous crew retired to a distant part of the estate, where they rehearsed their soul-stirring music. Having reached the desired pitch of discord, the column advanced towards the camp, serenading their lady friends on the way. Meanwhile the victims of a previous raid of the "Racketers" had turned out *en masse*, and armed with pillows, lay in ambush behind stone walls and trees and tents, and when the turbulent column approached, with one yell, which made the welkin ring, they sprang upon the defenseless band of midnight assassins of "nature's sweet restorer." The troubadours were taken entirely by surprise, and after many a hearty chuckle were dispersed and scattered in every direction.

Tuesday night passed quietly at Ridge Hill Farms, the majority of the Racket Club having been left at Boston. But about 6 o'clock the camp was aroused by the beating of a drum, and the ghostly apparition of Mr. Baker appeared, wielding a sword in one hand, and with the other ringing a huge dinner-bell, at the same time calling the men to fall out for parade. Under his direction every man in camp quickly dressed himself, and, throwing around his shoulders a sheet, a procession was formed for a call upon the ladies of the party. Armed with bells of various sizes, and their hats decorated with flowers, the long procession started. Calling upon the ladies, each was saluted with the cry, "The bells of Wellesley salute the belle of Georgia," or whatever place in which the fair one might reside. Each lady was forced to join the solemn procession, and all were finally escorted to breakfast.

On Wednesday morning the company visited the Wellesley Female College and various objects of interest in South Natick, and in the afternoon there was target practice at the camp by teams of three men from South Carolina, Georgia, North Carolina and Massachusetts, in which the representatives of Fayetteville, N. C., were victorious. In the evening the companies were taken to Boston, where they became the guests of the manager of the Boston Theatre, who had the building handsomely illuminated for the visit. On the return to camp, at midnight, the Racket Club started out and kept sleep from the eyes of the tired men and women until nearly daylight.

On "Ichthyological Day" a trip was made down the harbor, several institutions were visited, and a huge clambake was provided. Thursday was "Anatomical Day." Visits were made to Harvard College, Mount Auburn, the Navy Yard, Bunker Hill, etc. At the dinner in the evening each guest received a diminutive china baby in his plate of soup, and a larger specimen of a doll-baby was placed in each goblet, carefully wrapped in a Japanese paper napkin.

The week of fun closed on Friday. Shortly after 11 o'clock a procession consisting of the military and civic visitors, headed by the Germania Band, was formed at the pavilion and proceeded to a dis-

tant part of the estate, known as Wright Farm. Here the host informed his friends that he intended to donate his fine large aquarium at the hall, No. 13 West Street, for the purpose of establishing a fund for distributing nutritious food to the invalid poor. The trust is imposed on a committee consisting of ex-Governor Gaston and other well-known gentlemen. He also donates the Wright Farm, embracing about 350 acres of land, for the purpose of founding a school of cookery; and also the sum of \$50,000, together with house and other buildings necessary for beginning the enterprise. In addition to the above handsome bequests, Mr. Baker donated other large sums for benevolent purposes.

At five o'clock, the Committee informed the visitors that barges were ready to carry them to Lake Sabina, into which the *Lady of the Lake* would be launched. Of course the locality became the centre of attraction, and the banks of the charming little lake were soon lined with people anxious to witness the event. The vessel is about forty feet long, and will be used as a pleasure-boat on the lake. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen were invited on board of the craft, among whom were Mrs. Fulton, of Galveston, Tex., and Mrs. Samuel Little, of Boston. Mr. Baker announced that he had requested both of the above-named ladies to break not a bottle of wine, but a bottle of cream, on the bows and stern of the boat, as she glided into the water.

At 6 o'clock the several military companies formed on the lawn, and held a dress parade, going through the manual of arms in a highly creditable manner. At nightfall the grounds were handsomely illuminated with variegated lights, while from Nerino Tower, and other points, calcium lights shed dazzling effulgence, contrasting finely with the other illuminations, the whole presenting scenes of great beauty.

The entire affair was a most novel and costly one, and afforded an infinite amount and variety of amusement.

THE SARATOGA REGATTA.

A TRIPLE VICTORY FOR THE CORNELL COLLEGE CREW.

THE annual regatta of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association was held at Saratoga, N. Y., on Wednesday, July 19th. It was supposed that the trials of aquatic skill would be given on Tuesday, and quite a goodly assembly of spectators was seen about the lake, but the wind was so high that it was deemed expedient to postpone all contests.

The first race of the day was the University. It was called for ten o'clock in the morning, but the start was delayed by an accident to Columbia's boat, and the crew were allowed twenty minutes to repair the damage.

Cornell sprang to the lead, and almost on the first stroke, pulling 38 strokes to the minute. Union made the slowest start, with 34 strokes to the minute. Harvard, Columbia and Wesleyan went together side by side 20 strokes; but Harvard quickly shook the Connecticut men off and dashed after Cornell, leaving Columbia a few feet.

From the mile and a quarter the positions of the six crews remained the same, and they paddled up the lake, with every man doing all he could to hold his own. Cornell at the two miles had lengthened her lead to two or three lengths, and Harvard, Columbia, and Union were almost in a row. The rear guard was composed of Wesleyan and Princeton close together, the former slowly increasing her lead inch by inch. Harvard had a great deal to do to win, and at the two and a half mile she made a push for it that commanded the admiration of all who saw it. The race over, the steamers puffed up to the Grand Stand and the official time was announced as follows: Cornell, 17 minutes and 1½ seconds; Harvard, 17 minutes and 5½ seconds; Columbia, 17 minutes and 18½ seconds; Union, 17 minutes and 27½ seconds; Wesleyan, 17 minutes and 58½ seconds; Princeton, 18 minutes and 10½ seconds.

The single scull was started promptly on time. Entered for the Scullers' race were Danforth, of Harvard; Francis, of Cornell; Weeks, of Columbia, and Parmlee, of Princeton. The signal-flag went up at 11:40. Cornell led, with Princeton second; Francis, who has shown very marked ability as a sculler, and who on this occasion fairly excelled himself, crossed the finish-line in 13m. 42½s., not quite four seconds more than Courtney's famous time. Harvard's man came in to the finish in 13m. 56s. Princeton's and Weeks were fairly beaten off, and came in almost together—Parmlee in 14m. 21s., and Weeks in 14m. 22½s.

For the Freshmen's race the crews took up their positions as follows, from west to east: Harvard, Cornell, Columbia. All caught the water about the same time, but it was the first race over again. After a few strokes the Ithaca boys sent their bow-tip a quarter-length ahead. Harvard and Columbia pulled about 36 at the start, and Cornell 34. Columbia wobbled from side to side, and after getting into Union's old lane and back again to their place, made a dead break out of the whole lane of flags towards Cedar Bluff, where many thought they were going to stop. They might have pressed their adversaries closely had they not "gone to pieces" at steering. Cornell was not steering well, either, while Harvard did fairly, and at the half-mile it was still thought her chances were good. There was a life and vim in Cornell, however, which made up for all deficiencies, and she closed the first mile with a lead which settled the question of result.

At a mile and a half Cornell was dashing through the water in fine style, while the Harvard crew, upon whom everybody relied to do so much, failed miserably. Columbia's youngsters were splashing vigorously, apparently without the faintest idea where they were, which was about a quarter behind the other two, and half that distance outside their line. Had they kept on, they would have brought up on the rocks; but within a quarter of a mile of the finish they reefed their oars and stopped to cool.

Harvard kept up a hopeless chase after Cornell, and the latter crossed the finishing line many lengths ahead, and scorer of the third victory for the Cornell colors. The times were: Cornell, 17:23½; Harvard, 17:37-10; Columbia, not taken.

John S. Waterman, bow of the winning crew, is a Rhode Islander, rather small of stature, but very muscular. John N. Ostrom, the captain and stroke, has been a leader in boating matters since the Cornell boys began to take an interest in them. J. L. Jarvis occupied the same position this year that he did last—No. 4; he hails from Canastota, N. Y., and weighs 160 pounds. A. N. Smith took the old seat of A. R. Gillis, and G. J. Lewis that of C. C. King. Flags were flown and the streets decorated in Ithaca, N. Y., on the reception of the news of the victory, and at Syracuse a salute of fifty guns was fired by graduates of the University.

Dom Pedro at Saratoga.

THE *Saratogian* of July 22d contains an interesting account of the recent visit of Dom Pedro and the Empress Theresa to that place—an event which has been already referred to in this column. The account says: "Dom Pedro's stay in Saratoga was brief, and unfortunately before the season was fully open, but he left pleasant impressions wherever he went. Among other things that he seems to have remembered with peculiar satisfaction was his excursion on our beautiful lake in Frank Leslie's pretty steam yacht upon which the Emperor and the Empress had the rather unusual satisfaction of conversing with Mrs. Leslie in Spanish, French or Italian, as they might choose. In remembrance of the pleasant conversation, no doubt, and perhaps as a graceful return for the *impromptu* hospitality extended to himself and the Empress by the owner of the yacht, Dom Pedro has sent to Mr. L. two autograph copies of 'The Empire of Brazil,' a book of great value, published both in French and English, the latter edition just from the press in Philadelphia. It is a well written and most comprehensive work, taking in its scope a general survey of the whole empire—its present condition and its future capabilities. It is a wonderfully comprehensive book in itself, and made doubly valuable to its possessor by the imperial autograph.

In addition to this, and as a graceful compliment to the lady, Dom Pedro sent, with his autograph and respectful compliments to Mrs. Leslie, a copy of the 'Centennial Hymn' composed by A. Carlos Gomez by command of His Majesty and dedicated to the American people, accompanied by two photograph pictures and the following note, which latter, as a neat specimen of Imperial gallantry, we have taken the liberty of translating:

"BUCKINGHAM HOTEL, July 11, 1876.

"MR. FRANK LESLIE.
"I send you with great pleasure the book which I promised, and I also beg Madame's acceptance of the Hymn of the Centennial by Carl A. Gomez.
"As the English translation of the book is not accompanied by maps, I send you also a copy in French which contains them. Madame, who speaks so fluently all languages, would be able to comprehend the work perfectly even in the original Portuguese. Begging you to present to her my respectful remembrance, I subscribe myself,
"Yours, with esteem,
"D. PEDRO D'ALCANTARA."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Antiseptic Properties of Borax.—M. Bedoin having received some blood of a horse attacked by glanders, on examination under the microscope, had no difficulty in discovering active bacteria. A l of the blood was poured into a vessel containing one to two grammes of borax in fine powder. After the lapse of several days the liquid retained its rose color and perfect transparency, and there was no odor, nor could any bacteria be discovered by the microscope. The experiment confirms what has frequently been stated by scientific observers, that borax is one of the most powerful antiseptics known.

Dinner to Foreign Chemists.—The chemists of the United States, wishing to show some hospitality and attention to their colleagues from abroad, tendered a dinner to the foreign commissioners and judges of the chemical group, at the Union League Club in Philadelphia, which was attended by the leading chemists of the country and by the distinguished professors who are now here as representatives of foreign governments. The whole affair was conducted in good taste, and it is believed will serve to cement the friendship already existing between many of our native chemists who have studied abroad and the learned professors who are at present our guests.

Condensed Beer.—A process essentially the same as that employed for condensing milk has been applied to beer. The apparatus consists of a copper vacuum pan with which is connected a condensing worm. When the condensed extract is taken from the vacuum pan and cooled, the alcohol previously expelled is mixed with it, and in this manner all the aroma and volatile matters are returned. When it is desired to remake the beer, all that is required is to empty one of the tin cans of condensed beer and make it up to thirty-six gallons by the addition of water. By means of yeast, or a little uncondensed beer, carbonic acid gas can be generated and the briskness restored. The principal advantage claimed for the process is one of storage and transportation.

Imitation Leather.—Henry Loewenberg, of Berlin, has invented an imitation of leather, which, if it proves to wear well and can be economically manufactured, will soon find abundant applications in a large number of industries. The imitation is put upon cloth, very much as India-rubber goods are prepared, and it is so much like the real leather, that only an expert could detect the difference. By having recourse to bronzing and coloring matter, it is possible to produce figures in relief, which look precisely like galvano-plastic casts. In the line of furniture trimming, architectural decoration, imitation of all kinds of fancy wood-cutting, cornices and decorations of ceilings, as well as for clothing and shoes, the new substance has already been largely employed. The author of the invention calls it the Velociplastic Art, and keeps the process of its manufacture a profound secret.

Solvent for Cotton, Paper, and all Kinds of Cellulose.—Cellulose is now used for so many technical purposes, that a good solvent for it is in demand. Professor C. Neubauer recommends the following method for obtaining cupro-ammonium solution for this purpose: He prepares an oxide of copper by the precipitation of sulphate of copper solution with caustic soda, in presence of sal ammoniac. The resulting precipitate is thoroughly washed with water, first by decantation and then upon a filter, after which it is preserved under water. To prepare the cupro-ammonium solution, the oxide above referred to, after thorough agitation with the water, is slowly added to a quantity of ammonia, contained in another vessel. The addition of oxide is to be continued so long as the same is dissolved by the ammonia. The resulting deep blue colored solution dissolves cotton wool at once and in considerable quantity.

Artificial Fuel from Coal Screenings.—The enormous heaps of screenings which accumulate around coal mines have been the subject of remark among engineers for many years, and numerous suggestions have been made looking to an economical disposal of so much waste. It has been found that by mixing about seven per cent of clay with the fine coal, and forming the mass into balls, and then dipping these into a bath of benzine, containing some rosin in solution, the fuel becomes impervious to water. The solution penetrates the lumps to the depth of one-fourth of an inch, and after the evaporation of the benzine, which takes place rapidly in a current of air, a thin film of resin is left, which effectually stops up all crevices. The actual amount of rosin required is too small to add materially to the cost, and it serves to keep out all moisture, and adds compactness. The fuel does not crumble, and can be easily transported. It burns readily, affording a very hot fire, and is very cheap.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GOVERNOR TILDEN will pass the month of August at Long Branch.

MR. ALEX. H. STEPHENS has improved so much that he is able to walk out of doors.

CONGRESSMAN SEELYE, of Massachusetts, has been offered the Presidency of Amherst College.

ANOTHER interview between the Emperors of Germany and Austria was held at Salzburg on the 19th.

THE Hon. George E. Fugh, Ex-United States Senator from Ohio, died at Cincinnati on July 19th, aged fifty-three.

MR. MOODY's new church in Chicago was dedicated on the 16th, and the announcement made that it was free from debt.

CHRISTINE NILSSON earned \$5,000 for the London Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, by singing at a special concert.

MADAME MACMAHON gave the German Ambassador \$5,000 in aid of the inhabitants of Alsace suffering from the late floods.

THE Johns Hopkins University, near Baltimore, will be opened in September next, with an address by Professor Huxley.

HORATIO S. WHITE, who was captain of Harvard's baseball nine a few years ago, is now assistant professor of classics at Cornell.

BISHOP CHENEY, the first noted convert to the Reformed Episcopal Church, has been elected to succeed Dr. Cummings as Presiding Bishop.

THE term of the Hon. E. Peshine Smith as American Counselor to the Foreign Office of Japan, expires about the middle of August next.

MR. SOTHERN has been quite ill at Philadelphia from the effects of the heat. He was threatened at one time with congestion of the brain.

JOAQUIN MILLER, the "Poet of the Sierras," is passing the Summer with Mr. Frank Leslie at his delightful country-seat, Interlaken, Saratoga.

THERE was a rumor last week that the President was anxious to have General Spinner assume the portfolio of Commissioner of the Patent Office.

DR. DOLLINGER has been appointed President of the Munich Academy of Sciences and keeper of the scientific collections of the Kingdom of Bavaria.

MR. FISH is said to be the only member of the Cabinet who has any influence over the President, and the power exists because he has never attempted to manage him.

A COMMITTEE of Boston citizens are looking about for a site for a suitable building for Mr. Moody, the revivalist, who expects to begin his work in that city next January.

WEN SIANG, the aged Chinese statesman, a member of the Grand Council, Grand Secretary of the Secretariat, is dead. As he died poor, the Government announced that it would defray all burial expenses.

GENERAL MEREDITH READ, now United States Minister to Greece, has received from Prince Bismarck a photograph with autographic dedication, in recognition of his services to the Germans while Consul General at Paris during the war.

REV. MR. MORRISON, a brother-in-law of General Stonewall Jackson, and an officer on his staff during the war, died recently at Memphis, Tenn. He had been but recently married, and at the time of his death was pastor of a church at Selma, Ala.

MR. BLAINE's health is rapidly improving, according to report in Washington. He is strong enough to go out, and expects to make a run up the coast of Maine soon. Ex-Governor Dingley has invited him to spend the season at his country-seat on Squirrel Island.

THERE appears to be some confirmation of the report which was vaguely hinted at a fortnight ago, that Sitting Bull was killed in the Custer massacre of June 25th. The story is confirmed from Indian sources, and adds that the Chiefs Crazy Horse and Black Moon were also killed.

THE discharge of Edwin Booth from bankruptcy without an application on his part, will be looked upon as a grateful recognition by his principal creditors of the many claims of Mr. Booth as a manager and a man. All united in disposing of their claims to a friend of Mr. Booth's, thus virtually releasing him from further obligations.

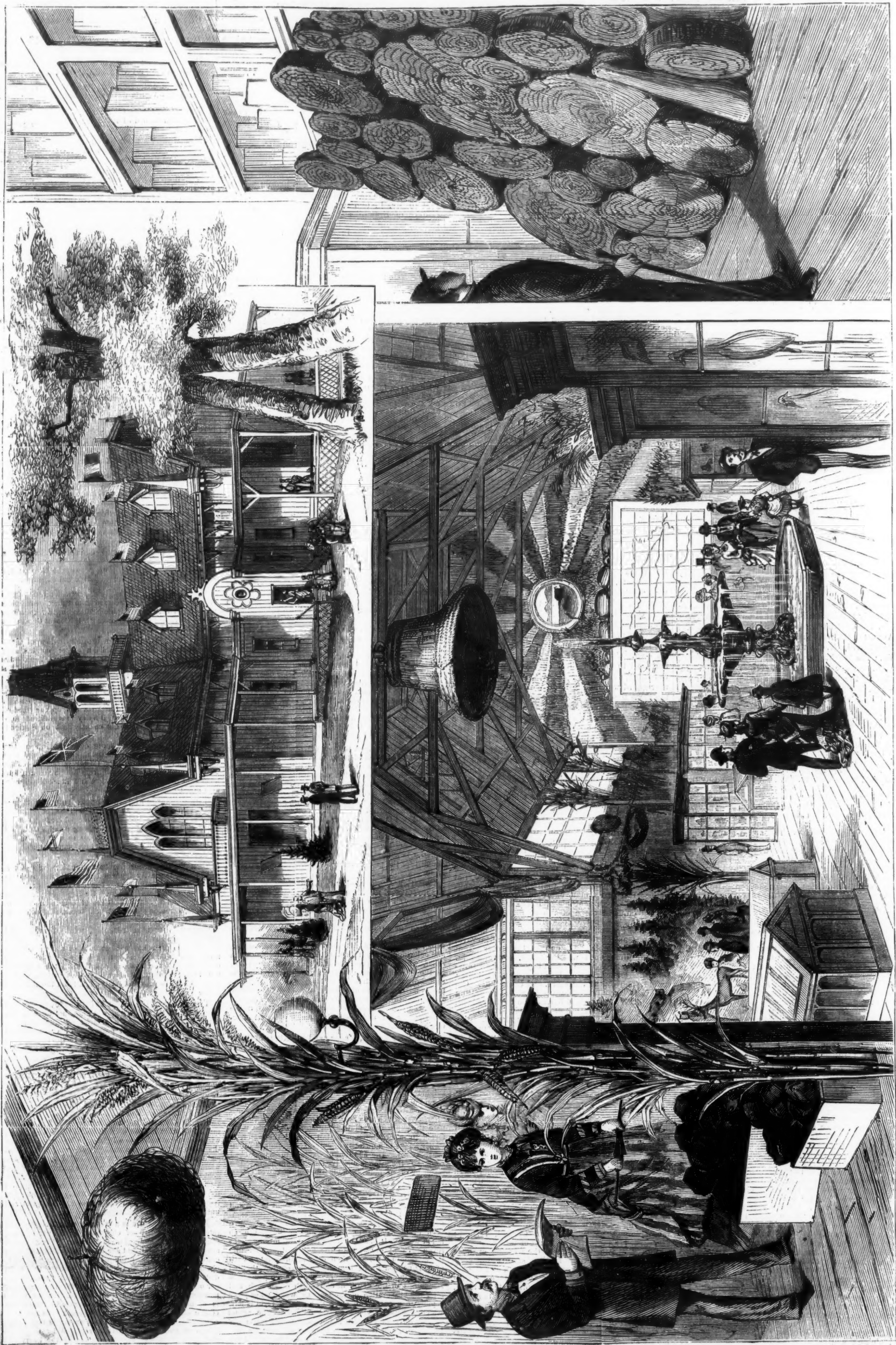
THE Sultan, according to a dispatch from Constantinople, is greatly depressed mentally, and secludes himself from his ministers. The last time he received them his manner was strange. He displayed alternately deep depression and violent fits of laughter. The investiture ceremony was delayed because of his condition.

QUEEN VICTORIA recently, while driving out during her stay at Balmoral, met a family who had been ejected from their house on account of non-payment of rent. Her Majesty, on learning the particulars of the case, and that the husband had been in the service of the Prince Consort, at once gave instructions that a home should be provided for the family on the Balmoral estate.

THE credit of the oldest twins in the country has been claimed by Plattville, Wis., but that town is outdone by the Charlestown District of Massachusetts, which claims the present possession of a pair of twins eighty years of age, smart, active and enjoying all their faculties. One of these, Mrs. Della Prescott, widow of the late Samuel T. Prescott, resides in Charlestown, at No. 12 Cross Street; the other, Mrs. Mary Clark, also a widow, resides in Bath, Me., but is at present visiting in Charlestown and in Cambridge, where her daughter resides.

MR. JAMES FISK, father of the late Colonel James Fisk, Jr., lives in Brattleboro', Vt. He is a large, handsome old man, white-haired, erect, and in manner much like what his son used to be. He drives a spirited white horse, attached to a light open wagon; and often the horse and the wagon suddenly separate, the strange sight always attracting a crowd. These occasions are when Mr. Fisk shows his friends the peculiarity of the gold-plated harness worn by the horse. By moving a lever he simultaneously detaches the horse and applies the brake. Thus a runaway horse may go on and kill itself, while the folks in the wagon remain quiet and unharmed.

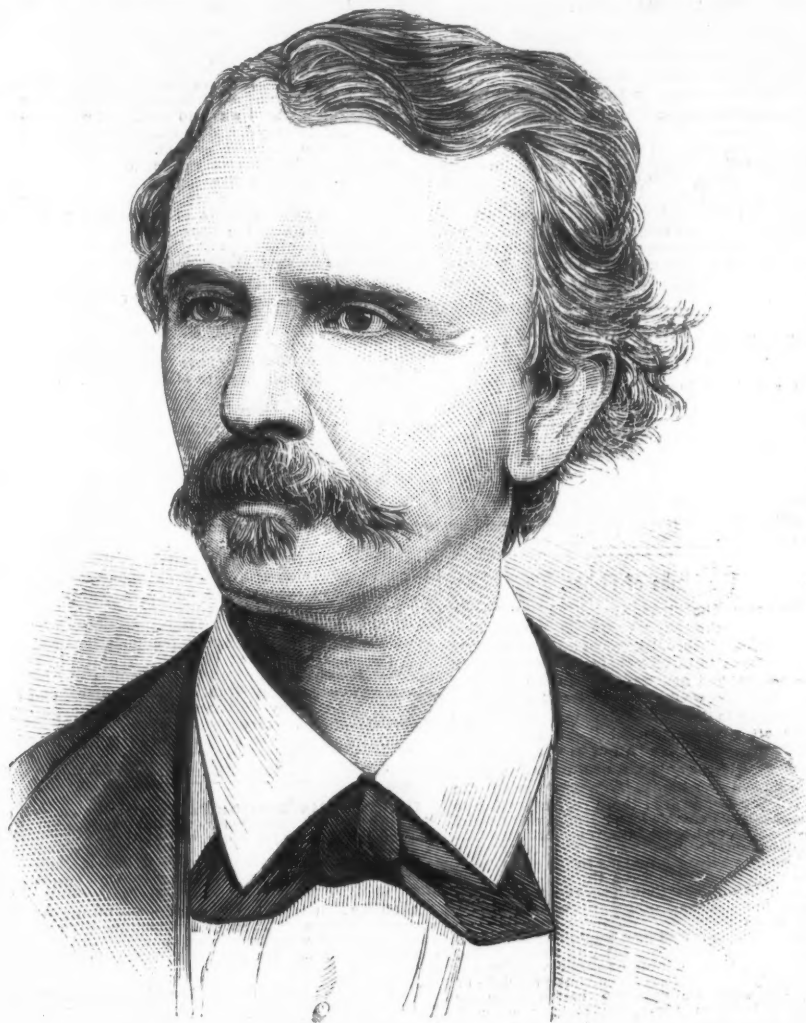
MRS. HENDRICKS is a woman of much general intelligence, dignity of character, quick perceptions, sound judgment and generous impulses. Her manners are frank and genial, and she is original and brilliant in conversation. Her principal charms are a sunny, cheerful disposition, and a heart singularly free from distrust and worldliness. She is in every respect the par of her husband, and is admirably fitted to grace any position to which he may be advanced. In person she is of medium height, and has a graceful figure and elastic step. She is very fair, has black eyes and hair, regular features, and an extremely animated face. The bloom of youth is more than replaced by the grace and mobility of expression, betokening the heart and mind ever alive to the best influences of nature and association.



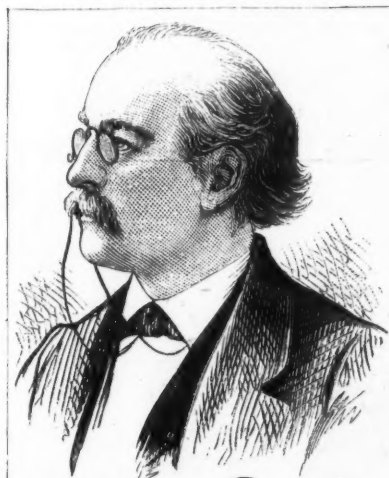
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE KANSAS AND COLORADO BUILDING ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 358.



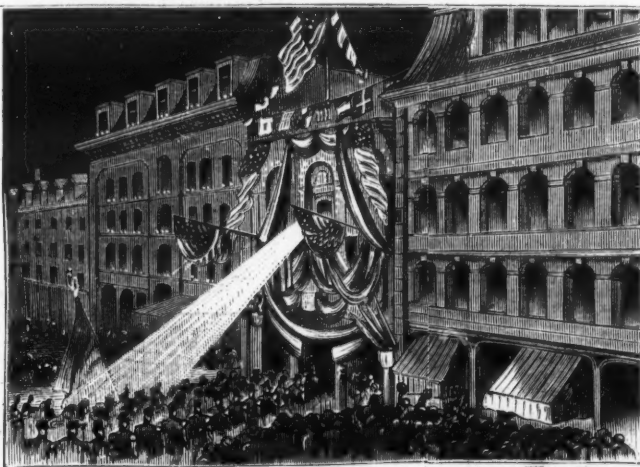
THE HON. ALBERT N. WYMAN, THE NEW UNITED STATES TREASURER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RICE BROTHERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 366.



THE HON. JOSEPH F. TYNER, THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—SEE PAGE 366.




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1. Reception at the Boston Theatre. 2. Ladies' Escort of the Sheet Brigade. 3. Launch of the "Lady of the Lake." 4. The Charitable Announcements at the Wright Farm. 5. Evening Review on the Lawn.

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